Galen. 157.

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THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-Brise to the National Library of Scotland, in memory of her brother, Major Lord George Stewart Murray, Black Watch, killed in action in France in 1914.

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Glen 157

THE MUSICAL MISCELLANY;

Being a COLLECTION *of* CHOICE SONGS,

Set to the VIOLIN *and* FLUTE,

By the moſt Eminent MASTERS.

The Man that hath no Muſick in himſelf,
And is not mov'd with Concord of ſweet Sounds,
Is fit for Treaſons, Stratagems, and Spoils.
Shakeſpear.

VOLUME *the* FIRST.

LONDON:

Printed by and for JOHN WATTS, *at the* Printing-Office *in* Wild-Court *near* Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

M DCC XXIX.

TO ALL

GENTLEMEN

AND

LADIES,

LOVERS *of* MUSICK,

THIS

COLLECTION

IS HUMBLY

INSCRIB'D,

By their moſt Obedient Servant,

The PUBLISHER.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Project being new in the Manner of its Execution, and an Improvement upon all Collections hitherto publiſh'd, it is hoped it will meet with a candid Reception from the LOVERS OF MUSICK, *for whoſe Sake it was undertaken and compil'd.*

The Readers will find in theſe Volumes ſeveral Songs entirely new, and many other ſelect Ones, that were never before ſet to Muſick: And as to ſuch as have been already publiſh'd ſingle with the Tunes to them, Care has been taken that both the Poetry and Muſick ſhould be here corrected, in which Reſpects They were before extremely faulty.

It may not be improper to intimate here, that all thoſe Songs which have not the FLUTE-MUSICK *ſubjoin'd at the*

End of Them, are ſet within the Compaſs of that Inſtrument.

The Publiſher begs Leave to take Notice, that as this Miſcellany has its Uſe, ſo it is calculated for the Advantage of the Buyers: A Collection of Choice Songs are here bound up together, the only Method of preſerving them; and at ſo eaſie a Rate, that they will not coſt the Purchaſers half the Money they wou'd come to in looſe Half Sheets.

As the Publiſher is in great Forwardneſs with Two more Volumes, if any Gentlemen think fit to favour him with New Songs, directed for the Printer of this Collection, Poſtage-free, proper Care ſhall be taken to have them inſerted correctly, and adapted to Muſick by the beſt Maſters.

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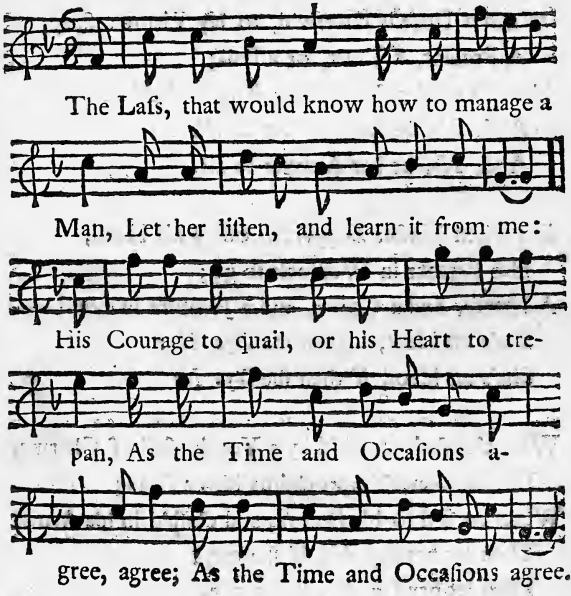


The Girl that has Beauty, tho' ſmall be her Wit,
May wheedle the Clown, or the Beau;
The Rake may repel, or may draw in the Cit,
By the Uſe of that pretty Word---- *No:*
By the Uſe of that pretty Word---- *No.*

When the powder'd Toupées in Crowds round her chat,
Each ſtriving his Paſſion to ſhow;
With--- Kiſs me, and love me, my Dear, --- and all that,
Let her Anſwer be ſtill, *No, no, no:*
Let her Anſwer be ſtill, *No, no, no.*

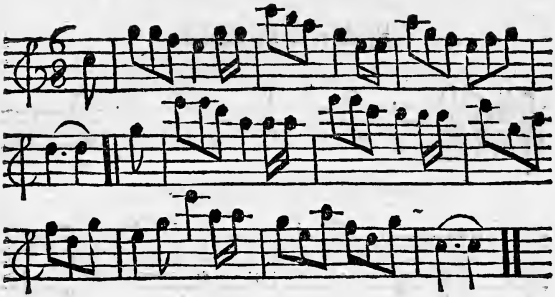
When a Doſe is contriv'd, to lay Virtue a-ſleep,
A Preſent, a Treat, or a Ball;
She ſtill muſt refuſe, if her Empire ſhe'd keep,
And, *No*, be her Anſwer to all.
And, *No*, be her Anſwer to all.

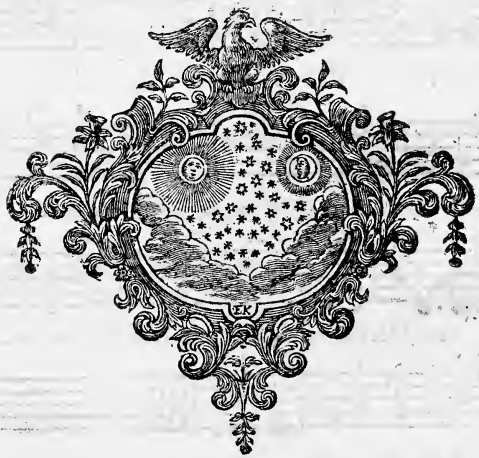
But when Maſter *Dapperwit* offers his Hand,
Her Partner in Wedlock to go;
A Houſe, and a Coach, and a Jointure in Land----
She's an Ideot, if then ſhe ſays *No:*
She's an Ideot, if then ſhe ſays *No.*

Whene'er ſhe's attack'd by a Youth, full of Charms,
Whoſe Courtſhip proclaims him a Man;
When preſs'd to his Boſom, and claſp'd in his Arms,
Then let her ſay *No*, if ſhe can:
Then let her ſay *No*, if ſhe can.

For

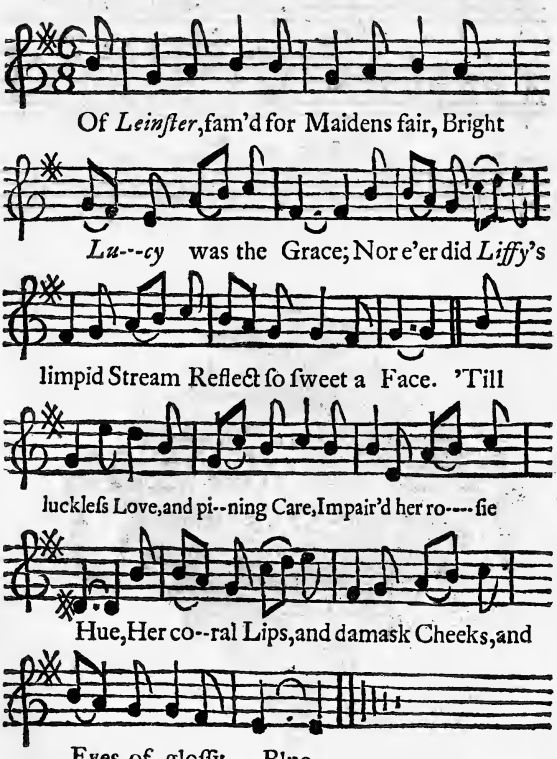
For the FLUTE.





LUCY and COLLIN.

By Mr. *TICKEL.*



Oh,

Oh, have you ſeen a Lilly pale,
When beating Rains deſcend?
So droop'd the ſlow-conſuming Maid,
Her Life now near its End.
By *Lucy* warn'd, of flatt'ring Swains
Take heed, ye eaſy Fair:
Of Vengeance due to broken Vows,
Ye perjur'd Swains, beware.

Three times, all in the Dead of Night,
A Bell was heard to ring;
And ſhrieking at her Window thrice,
The Raven flap'd his Wing:
Too well the Love-lorn Maiden knew
The ſolemn boding Sound;
And thus, in dying Words, beſpoke
The Virgins weeping round.

" I hear a Voice you cannot hear,
" Which ſays, I muſt not ſtay;
" I ſee a Hand you cannot ſee,
" Which beckons me away.
" By a falſe Heart, and broken Vows,
" In early Youth I dye;
" Was I to blame, becauſe his Bride
" Was thrice as rich as I?

" Ah, *Collin!* give not her thy Vows,
" Vows due to me alone;
" Nor thou, fond Maid, receive his Kiſs,
" Nor think him all thy own.
" To-morrow in the Church to wed,
" Impatient, Both prepare;
" But know, fond Maid; and know, falſe Man,
" That *Lucy* will be there.

" Then bear my Coarſe, my Comerades, bear,
" This Bridegroom blythe to meet;
" He in his Wedding-Trim ſo gay,
" I, in my Winding-Sheet.
She ſpoke, ſhe dy'd; her Coarſe was born,
The Bridegroom blythe to meet;
He in his Wedding-Trim ſo gay,
She in her Winding-Sheet.

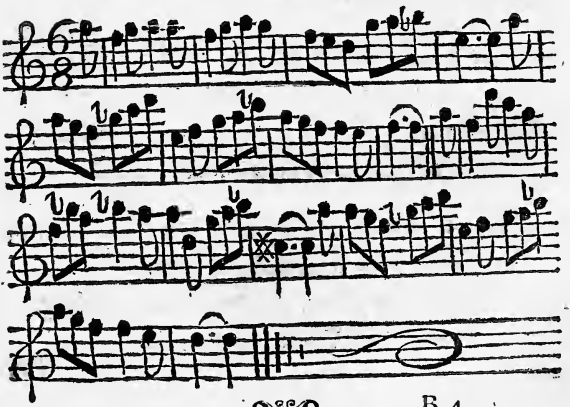
Then what were perjur'd *Collin*'s Thoughts?
How were theſe Nuptials kept?
The Brideſmen flock'd round *Lucy* dead,
And all the Village wept.
Confuſion, Shame, Remorſe, Deſpair,
At once his Boſom ſwell;
The Damps of Death bedew'd his Brow,
He ſhook, he groan'd, he fell.

From

From the vain Bride (ah Bride no more!)
The varying Crimſon fled;
When ſtretch'd before her Rival's Coarſe,
She ſaw her Husband dead.
Then to his *Lucy*'s new-made Grave,
Convey'd by trembling Swains,
One Mold with her, beneath one Sod,
For ever now remains.

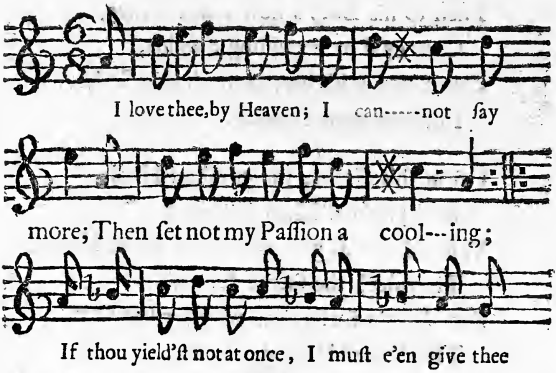
Oft at this Grave, the conſtant Hind
And plighted Maid are ſeen;
With Garlands gay, and True-Love Knots,
They deck the ſacred Green.
But, Swain forſworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd Spot forbear;
Remember *Collin*'s dreadful Fate,
And fear to meet him there.

For the FLUTE.



A LOVE SONG.

The Words by Mr. CONCANEN.



What my Love wants in Words, it ſhall make up in [Deeds,
Then why ſhou'd we waſte Time in Stuff, Child?
A Performance, you wot well, a Promiſe exceeds;
And a Word to the Wiſe is enough, Child.

I know how to love, and to make that Love known;
But I hate all Proteſting and Arguing:
Had a Goddeſs my Heart, ſhe ſhou'd e'en lie alone,
If ſhe made many Words to a Bargain.

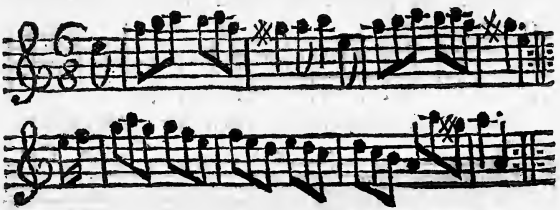
I'm

I'm a Quaker in Love, and but barely affirm
Whate'er my fond Eyes have been ſaying;
Pr'ythee be thou ſo too, ſeek for no better Term,
But e'en throw thy *Yea*, or thy *Nay* in.

I cannot bear Love, like a *Chancery*-Suit,
The Age of a Patriarch depending;
Then pluck up a Spirit, no longer be mute,
Give it, one way or other, an Ending.

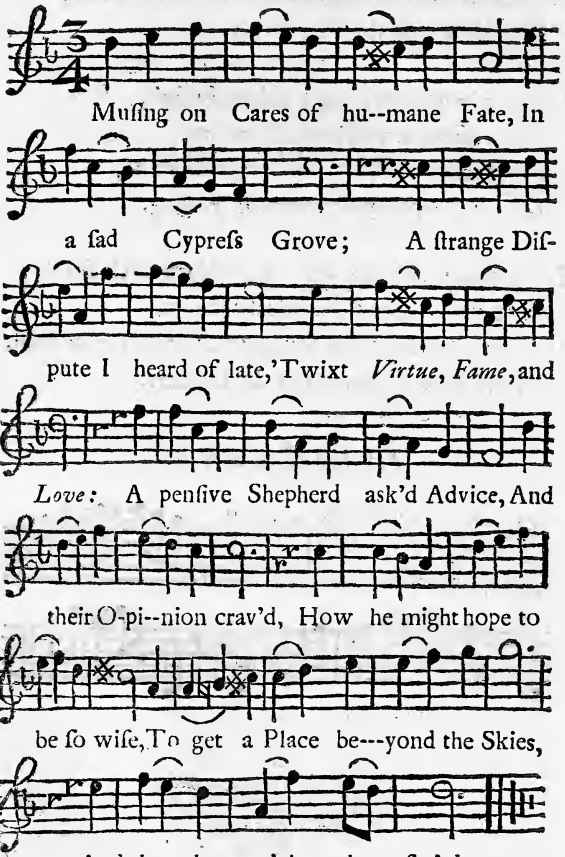
Long Courtſhip's the Vice of a Phlegmatick Fool;
Like the Grace of Fanatical Sinners,
Where the Stomachs are loſt, and the Victuals grow cool,
Before Men ſit down to their Dinners.

For the FLUTE.



The Way to be SAVED.

Set by Mr. *N. HAYM.*



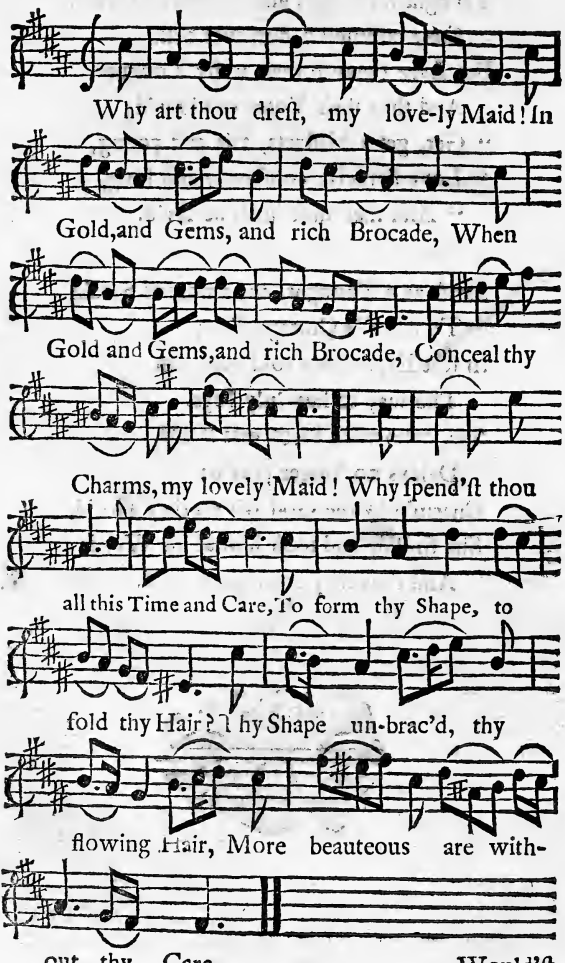
Nice

Nice *Virtue* preach'd Religion's Laws,
Paths to eternal Reſt;
To fight his King's and Country's Cauſe,
Fame counſell'd him was beſt.
But *Love* oppos'd their noiſy Tongues,
And thus their Votes out-brav'd;
" Get, get a Miſtreſs, fair and young,
" Love fiercely, conſtantly and long,
" And then thou ſhalt be ſav'd.

Swift as a Thought, the amorous Swain
To *Silvia*'s Cottage flies;
In ſoft Expreſſions told her plain
The way to heav'nly Joys.
She, who with Piety was ſtor'd,
Delays no longer crav'd;
Charm'd by the God whom they ador'd,
She ſmil'd, and took him at his Word;
And thus they both were ſav'd.

To FLORA dreſt.

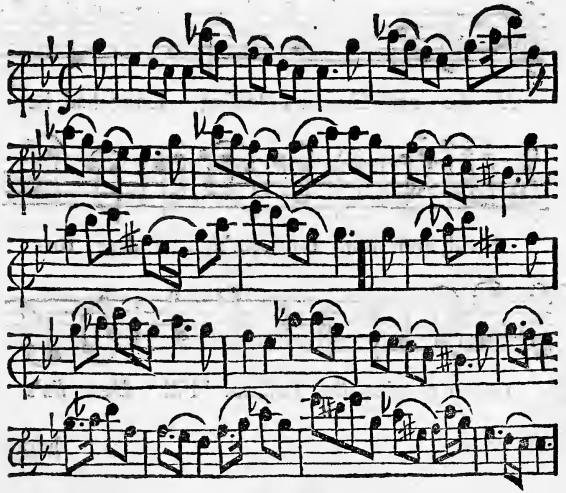
Words by Mr. BAKER. *Set by Mr.* TENOE.



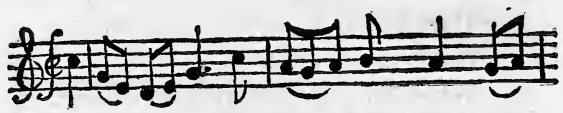
Wou'd'ſt thou, indeed, be finely dreſt?
Put by this Robe which hides thy Breaſt:
Unbind thy Hair, and bare thy Breaſt,
Thou art, my Charmer! finely dreſt.
Remove theſe Veſtments all away,
Which like dark Clouds obſcure the Day:
O! let them not obſcure thy Day:
Remove them all, my Fair! away.

Then ſhining forth adorn'd with Charms,
Ah! let me fold thee in my Arms!
Tranſported, fold thee in my Arms!
And gaze and wonder at thy Charms.

For the FLUTE.

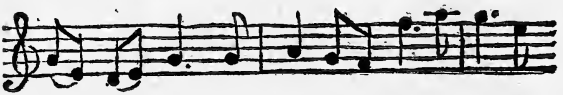


The Parting of DELIA *and* DAMON.

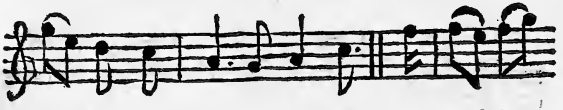


Adieu, ye pleaſant Sports and Plays, Fare-

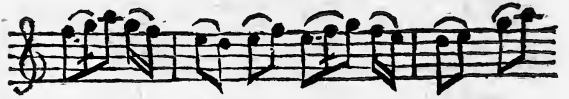
wel each Song that was di--ver-ting; Love



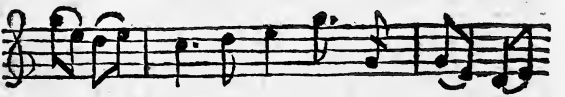
tunes my Pipe to mournful Lays, I ſing of



De--lia and *Damon*'s Parting. Long had he



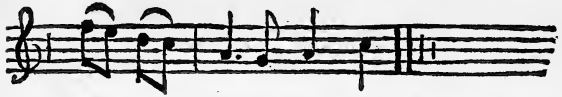
lov'd, and long con-ceal'd, The dear tor-



menting plea--ſing Paſſion, 'Till *De—lia*'s

Mild-

Mildneſs had pre--vail'd On him to



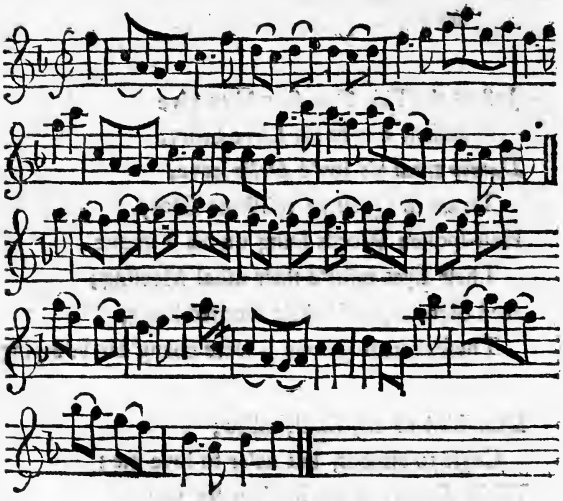
ſhew his In--cli-na-tion.

Juſt as the Fair One ſeem'd to give
A patient Ear to his Love-Story,
Damon muſt his lov'd *Delia* leave,
To go in Queſt of toilſome Glory.
Half-ſpoken Words hung on his Tongue,
Their Eyes refus'd their uſual Meeting;
And Sighs ſupply'd their wonted Song,
Theſe charming Sounds were chang'd to Weeping.

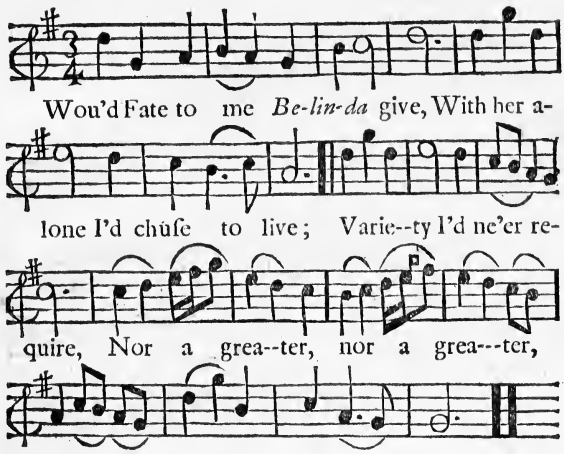
Dear Idol of my Soul, adieu;
Ceaſe to lament, but ne'er to love me:
While *Damon* lives, he lives for you,
No other Charms ſhall ever move me.
Alas! who knows, when parted far
From *Delia*, but you may deceive her.
The Thought deſtroys my Heart with Care,
Adieu, my Dear, I fear for ever.

If ever I forget my Vows,
May then my Guardian Angel leave me:
And more to aggravate my Woes,
Be you ſo good as to forgive me.

For the FLUTE.



The FAITHFULL LOVER.



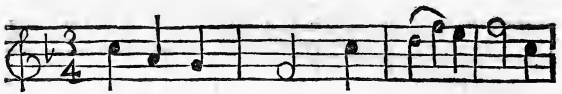
My charming Nymph, if you can find,
Amongſt the Race of Human-kind,
A Man that loves you more than I,
I'll reſign you, I'll reſign you,
I'll reſign you, tho' I die.

Let my *Belinda* fill my Arms,
With all her Beauties, all her Charms,
With Scorn and Pity I'd look down
On the Glories, on the Glories,
On the Glories of a Crown.

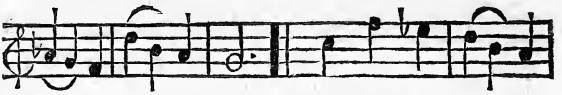
ZELINDA.

The Words by Mr. WELSTED.

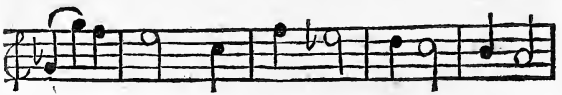
Set by Mr. *GALLIARD.*



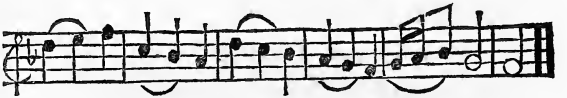
While in the Bow'r, with Beauty bleſt, The



lov'd *A--mintor* lies; While ſinking on *Ze-*



linda's Breaſt, He fondly, fondly, kiſs'd her



Eyes; He fondly, fondly, fondly, kiſs'd her Eyes:

A waking Nightingale, who long
Had mourn'd within the Shade,
Sweetly renew'd her plaintive Song,
And warbled, warbled, thro' the Glade;
And warbled, warbled, warbled, thro' the Glade.

Me-

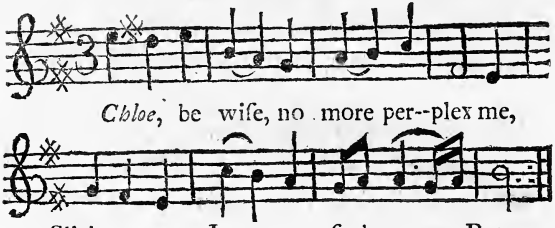
Melodious Songſtreſs, cry'd the Swain,
To Shades leſs happy go;
Or, if with us thou wilt remain,
Forbear, forbear thy tuneful Woe:
Forbear, forbear, forbear, thy tuneful Woe.

While in *Zelinda*'s Arms I lie,
To Song I am not free;
On her ſoft Boſom while I ſigh,
I Diſcord, Diſcord, find in thee.
I Diſcord, Diſcord, Diſcord, find in thee.

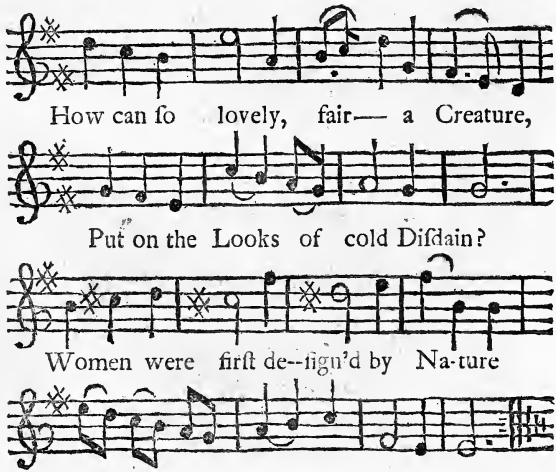
Zelinda gives me perfect Joys:
Then ceaſe thy fond Intruſion.
Be ſilent; Muſick now is Noiſe,
Variety, Variety, Confuſion;
Varie———ty, Confuſion.

The ENTREATY.

By Mr. LEVERIDGE.



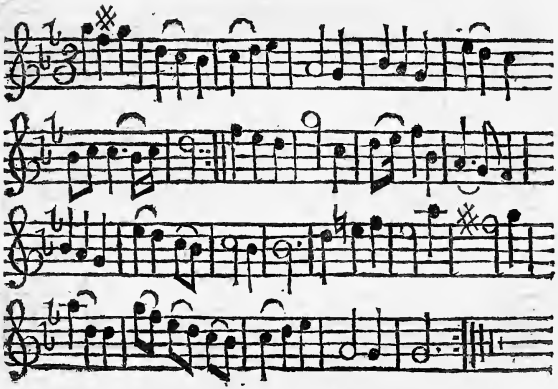
Should I your Scorn return, 'twill vex you;
Love, much abus'd, will turn to Hate.



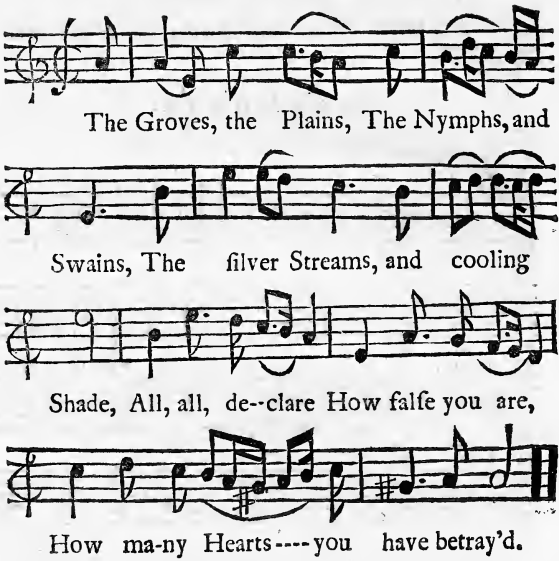
Kind-

Kindneſs creates a Flame that's laſting,
When other Charms are fled away;
Think then the Time we now are waſting,
Throw off thoſe Frowns, and Love obey.

For the FLUTE.

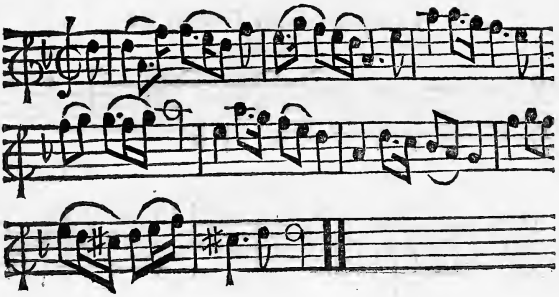


The REPROACH.



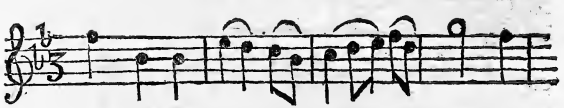
Diſſembler, go,
Too well I know
Your fatal, falſe, deluding Art;
To ev'ry She,
As well as Me,
You make an Off'ring of your Heart.

For the FLUTE.

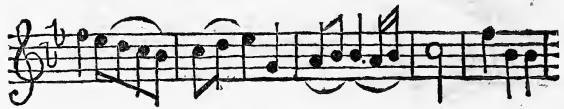


In Praiſe of ANNIE.

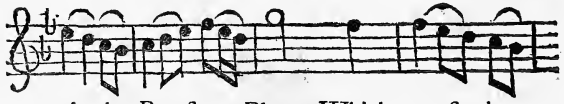
Tune, *All in the Downs*, &c.



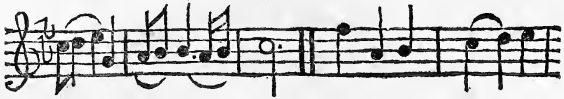
Young *Annie*'s budding Gra---ces claim The



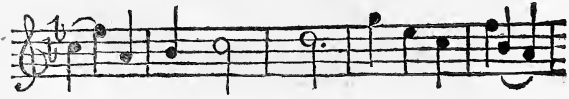
inſpir'd Thought and ſoft---eſt Lays, And kindle



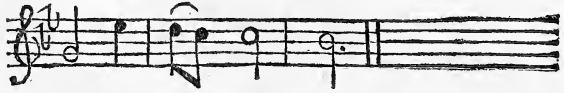
in the Breaſt a Flame, Which muſt be



vented in her Praiſe. Tell us, ye gentle



Shepherds, have you ſeen E'er One ſo like an



Angel tread the Green?

Ye

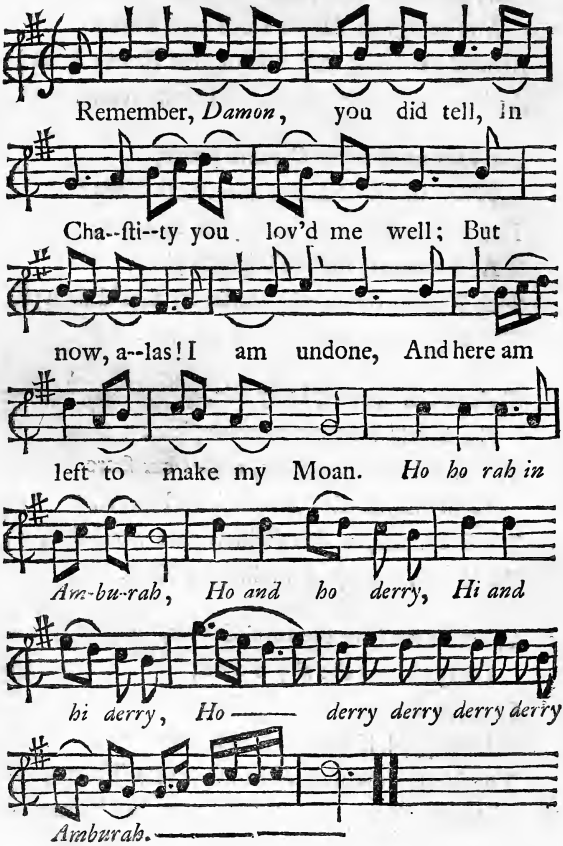
Ye Youth, be watchful of your Hearts,
When ſhe appears, take the Alarm:
Love on her Beauty points his Darts,
And wings an Arrow from each Charm.
Around her Eyes, and Smiles, the Graces ſport;
And to her ſnowy Neck and Breaſts reſort.

But vain muſt every Caution prove,
When ſuch inchanting Sweetneſs ſhines:
The wounded Swain muſt yield to Love,
And wonder, tho' he hopeleſs pines.
Such Flames the foppiſh Butter-fly ſhou'd ſhun;
The Eagle's only fit to view the Sun.

She's as the opening Lilly fair,
Her lovely Features are complete;
Whilſt Heav'n, indulgent, makes her ſhare
With Angels all that's wiſe and ſweet.
Theſe Virtues, which divinely deck her Mind,
Exalt each Beauty of th' inferior Kind.

Whether ſhe love the rural Scenes,
Or ſparkle in the airy Town,
O happy He her Favour gains,
Unhappy! if She on him frown.
The Muſe unwilling quits the lovely Theme,
Adieu, ſhe ſings, and thrice repeats her Name.

CELIA's COMPLAINT.



To

To doleful Shades I will remove,
Since I'm deſpis'd by him I love,
Where poor forſaken Nymphs are ſeen,
In lonely Walks of Willow-green.
Ho ho rah, &c.

Upon my Dear's deluding Tongue
Such ſoft perſuaſive Language hung,
That when his Words had Silence broke,
You wou'd have thought an Angel ſpoke.
Ho ho rah, &c.

Too happy Nymph, whoe'er ſhe be,
That now enjoys my charming He;
For oh! I fear it to my Coſt,
Sh'as found the Heart that I have loſt.
Ho ho rah, &c.

Beneath the faireſt Flower on Earth
A Snake may hide, or take its Birth;
So his falſe Breaſt,— conceal it did
His Heart, the Snake that there lay hid.
Ho ho rah, &c.

'Tis falſe, who ſays we happy are,
Since Men delight our Hearts t'enſnare:

In

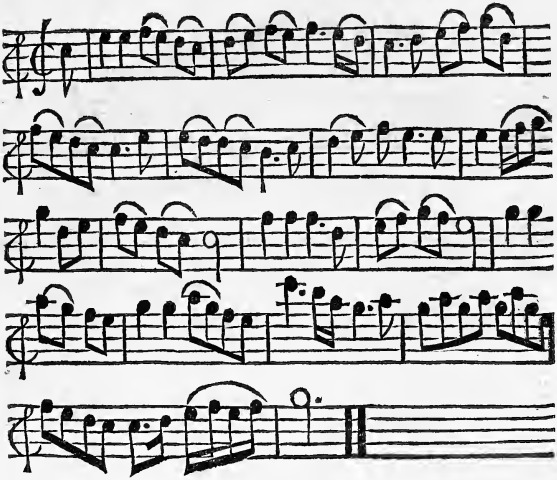
In Man no Woman can be bleſt;
Their Vows are Wind, their Love's a Jeſt.
Ho ho rah, &c.

Ye Gods, in Pity to my Grief,
Send me my *Damon*, or Relief:
Return that wild delicious Boy,
Whom once I thought my Spring of Joy.
Ho ho rah, &c.

But whilſt I'm begging of this Bliſs,
Methinks I hear you anſwer this;
Whom Damon *has enjoy'd, he flies*;
Who ſees him, loves; *who loves him, dies.*
Ho ho rah, *&c.*

There's not a Bird that haunts this Grove,
But is a Witneſs of my Love;
Echo repeats my plaintive Moans,
The Waters imitate my Groans;
The Trees their bending Boughs recline,
And droop their Heads, as I do mine.
Ho ho rah, &c.

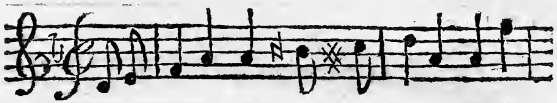
For the FLUTE.



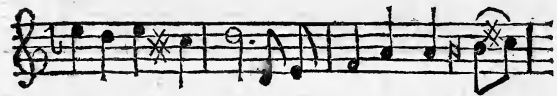
The BASHFUL LOVER.

The Words by Mr. *THEOBALD.*

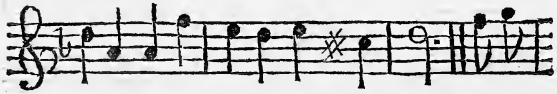
Set by Mr. GALLIARD.



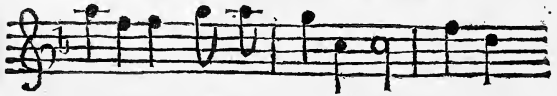
On a Bank of Flow'rs, in a Summer's Day, In-



viting and un-dreſt, In her Bloom of Years bright

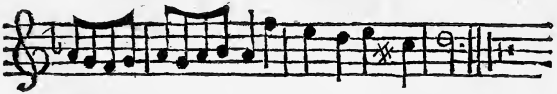


Celia lay, With Love and Sleep op--preſt; When a



youthful Swain with ad---mi-ring Eyes Wiſh'd he

durſt the fair Maid ſur---prize; With a *Fa, la,*



la, &c. - - - - - But fear'd approaching Spies.

As

As he gaz'd, a gentle Breeze aroſe,
That fann'd her Robes aſide;
And the ſleeping Nymph did the Charms diſcloſe,
Which, waking, She wou'd hide.
Then his Breath grew ſhort, and his Pulſe beat high,
He long'd to touch what he chanc'd to ſpy;
With a *fa*, *la*, *la*, &c.
But durſt not ſtill draw nigh.

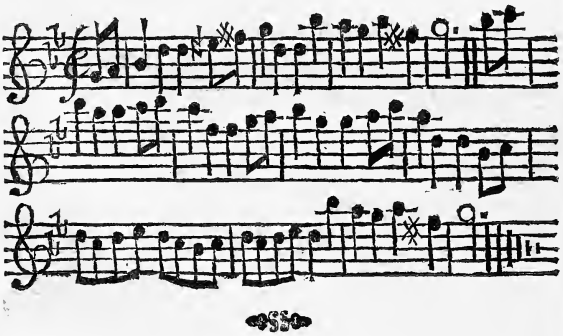
All amaz'd he ſtood, with her Beauties fir'd,
And bleſt the courteous Wind;
Then in Whiſpers ſigh'd, and the Gods deſir'd,
That *Celia* might be kind.
When with Hope grown bold, he advanc'd amain;
But ſhe laugh'd loud in a Dream, and, again,
With a *fa*, *la*, *la*, &c.
Repell'd the tim'rous Swain.

Yet when once Deſire has inflam'd the Soul,
All modeſt Doubts withdraw;
And the God of Love does each Fear controul,
That wou'd the Lover awe.
Shall a Prize like this, ſays the vent'rous Boy,
'Scape, and I not the Means employ,
With a *fa*, *la*, *la*, &c.
To ſeize the proffer'd Joy?

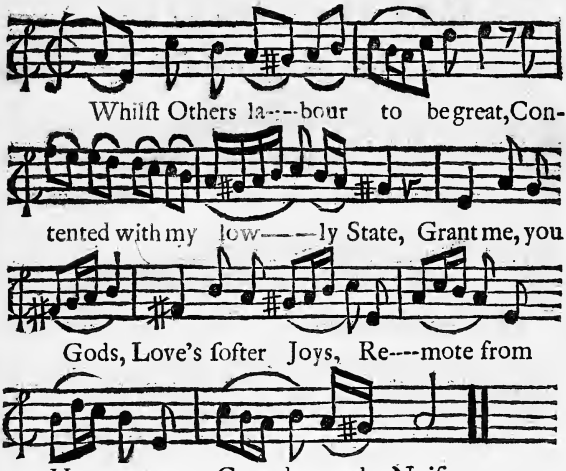
Here the glowing Youth, to relieve his Pain,
The ſlumb'ring Maid careſs'd;
And with trembling Hands (O the ſimple Swain!)
Her glowing Boſom preſs'd:
When the Virgin wak'd, and affrighted flew,
Yet look'd, as wiſhing he wou'd purſue,
With a *fa*, *la*, *la*, &c.
But *Damon* miſs'd his Cue.

Now, repenting that he had let her fly,
Himſelf he thus accus'd;
What a dull and ſtupid Thing was I,
That ſuch a Chance abus'd?
To my Shame 'twill now on the Plains be ſaid,
Damon a Virgin aſleep betray'd,
With a *fa*, *la*, *la*, &c.
Yet let her go a Maid.

For the FLUTE.

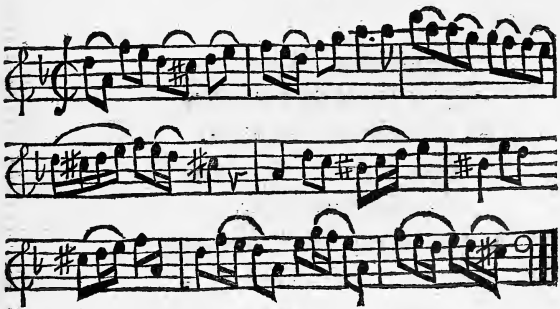


Set by Mr. *N. HAYM.*



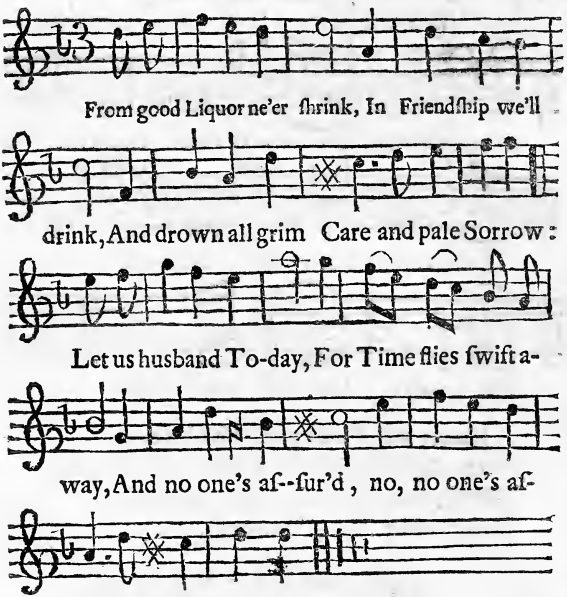
Riches and Titles give elſewhere,
To thoſe that think them worth their Care;
Divide, howe'er you pleaſe, the Ball;
Give me but *Flora*, I have all.

For the FLUTE.



CHANSON à BOIRE.

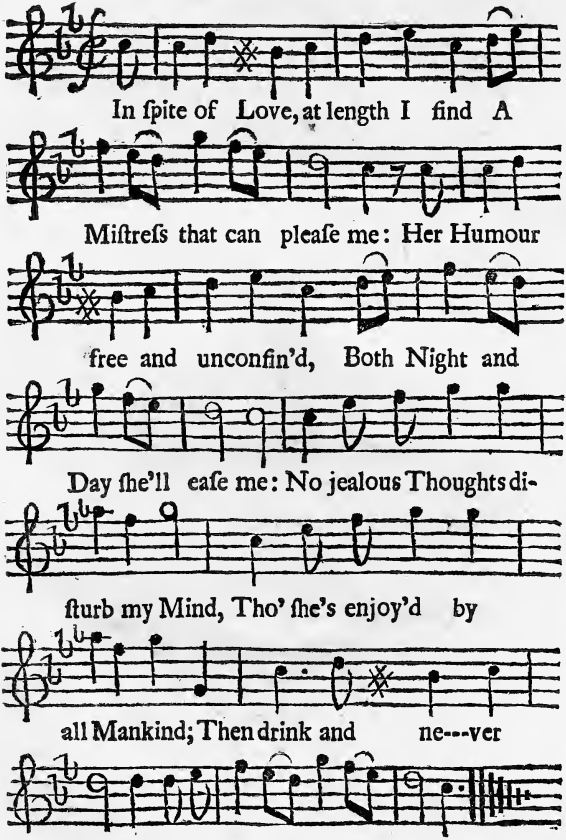
Set by Mr. *LEVERIDGE.*



Of all the grave Sages
That grac'd the paſt Ages,
Dad *Noah* the moſt did excel:
He firſt planted the Vine,
Firſt taſted the Wine,
And got nobly drunk, and got nobly drunk, as they tell. Say,

Say, why ſhould not We
Get as bosky as He,
Since here's Liquor as well will inſpire?
Thus I fill up my Glaſs,
I'll ſee that it paſs,
To the *Manes*, to the *Manes*, of that good Old Sire.

In Praiſe of CLARET.



Chorus. *Then Drink*, &c.

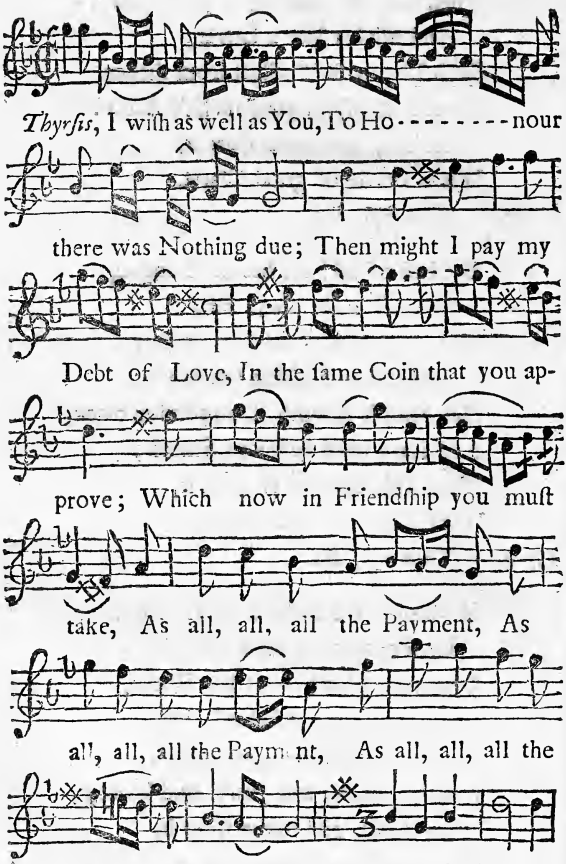
If

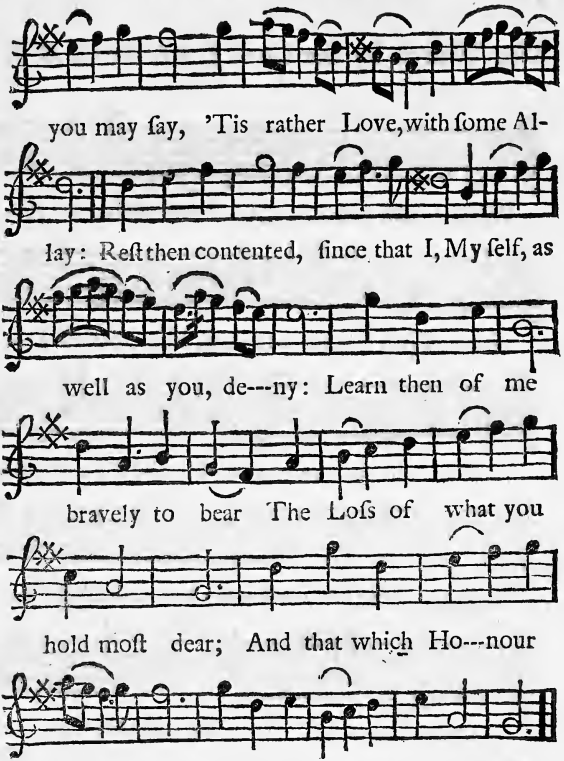
If you, thro' all her naked Charms,
Her little Mouth diſcover,
Then take her bluſhing to your Arms,
And uſe her like a Lover;
Such Liquor ſhe'll diſtill from thence,
As will tranſport your raviſh'd Senſe:
Then kiſs, and never ſpare it,
'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.
Chor. *Then kiſs*, &c.

But beſt of all! ſhe has no Tongue,
Submiſſive ſhe obeys me;
She's fully better old than young,
And ſtill to Smiling ſways me;
Her Skin is ſmooth, Complexion black,
And has a moſt delicious Smack;
Then kiſs, and never ſpare it,
'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.
Chor. *Then kiſs*, &c.

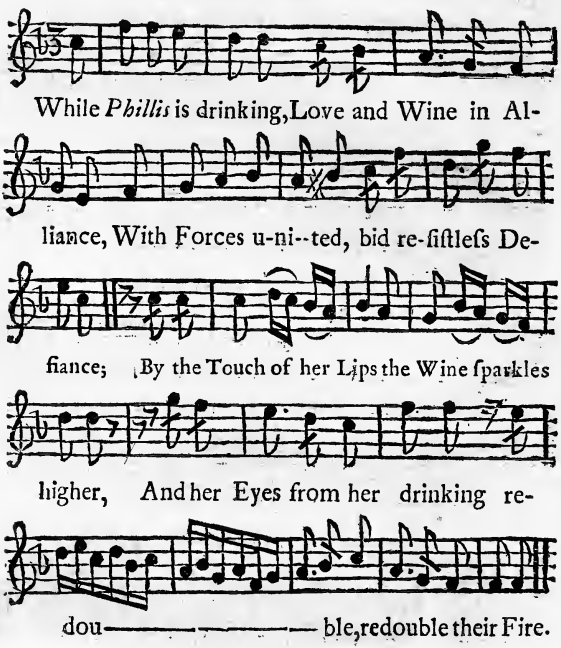
If you her Excellence would taſte,
Be ſure you uſe her kind, Sir,
Clap your Hand about her Waſte,
And raiſe her up behind, Sir;
As for her Bottom never doubt,
Puſh but home, and you'll find it out;
Then drink, and never ſpare it,
'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.
Chor. *Then Drink*, &c.

Set by Mr. *WELDON.*




you may ſay, 'Tis rather Love, with ſome Al-
lay: Reſt then contented, ſince that I, My ſelf, as
well as you, de---ny: Learn then of me
bravely to bear The Loſs of what you
hold moſt dear; And that which Ho---nour
does in me, Let my Example work on thee.

The Words by the Lord *LANSDOWN*.



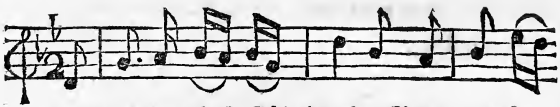
Her Cheeks glow the brighter, recruiting their Colour,
As Flowers by ſprinkling revive with freſh Odour;
His Dart dipt in Wine, *Love* wounds beyond curing,
And the Liquor, like Oil, makes the Fla——— me,
makes the Flame more enduring.

By Cordials of Wine Love is kept from expiring;
And our Mirth is enliven'd by Love and Deſiring;
Relieving each other, the Pleaſure is laſting,
And we never are cloy'd, yet are e——ver, are ever
a taſting.

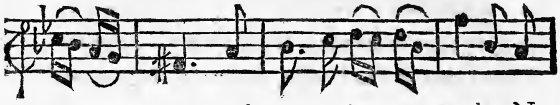
Then, *Phillis*, begin; let our Raptures abound;
And a Kiſs and a Glaſs be ſtill going round:
Our Joys are immortal, while thus we remove
From Love to the Bottle, from the Bot——tle, the
Bottle, to Love.

False PHILANDER.

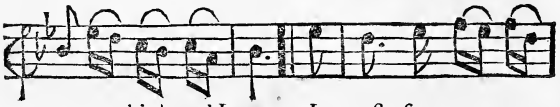
Set by Mr. GOUGE.



Farewel, thou falſe *Phi--lan-der*, Since now from

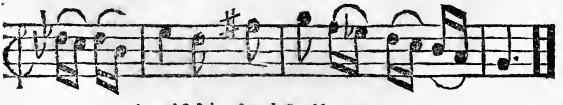


me you rove; And leave me here to wander, No



more to think of Love: I muſt for e---ver

languiſh, I muſt for e--ver mourn: From Love I



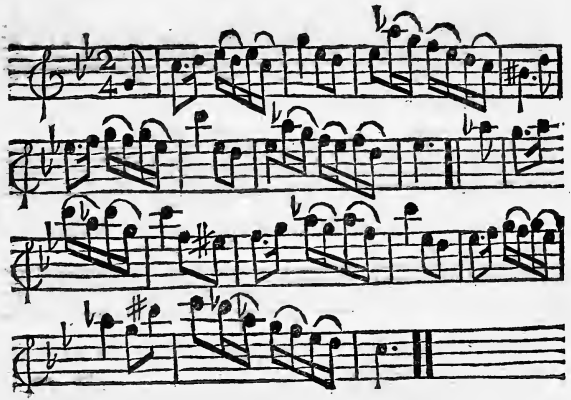
now am baniſh'd, And ſhall no more re--turn.

Farewel, deceitful Traitor,
Farewel, thou perjur'd Swain;
Let never injur'd Creature
Believe your Vows again:

The

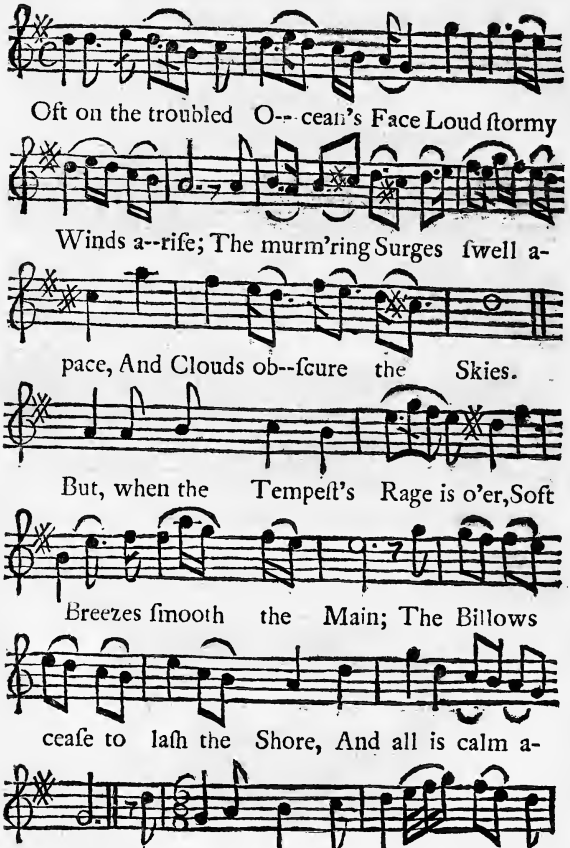
The Paſſion you pretended,
Was only to obtain;
For now the Charm is ended,
The Charmer you diſdain.

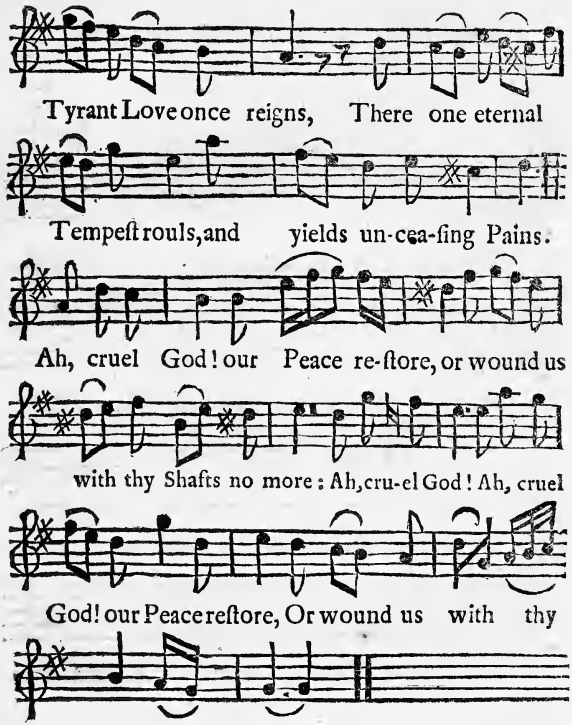
For the FLUTE.



The Words by Mr. THEOBALD.

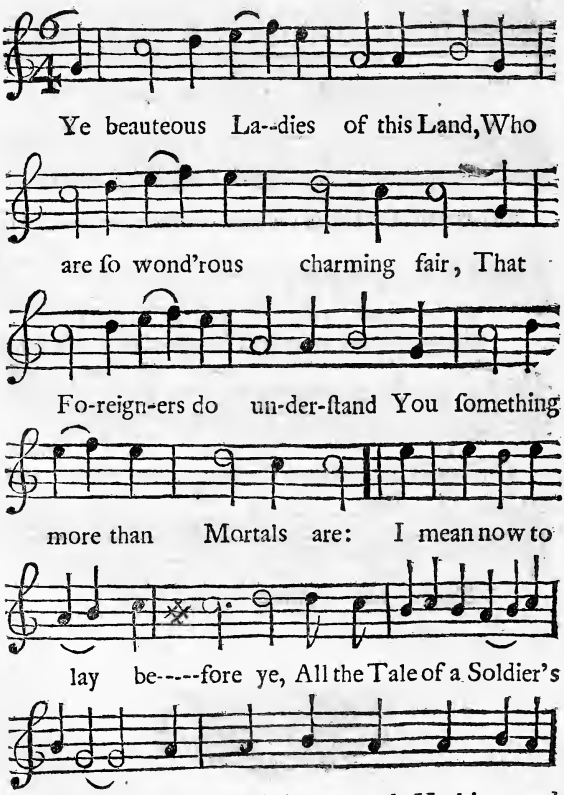
Set by Mr. *GALLIARD.*

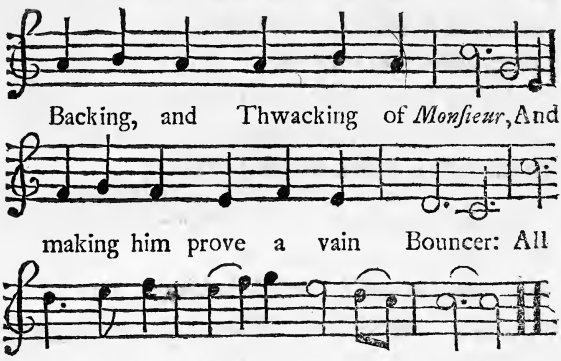



Tyrant Love once reigns, There one eternal
Tempeſt rouls, and yields un-cea-ſing Pains.
Ah, cruel God! our Peace re-ſtore, or wound us
with thy Shafts no more: Ah, cru-el God! Ah, cruel
God! our Peace reſtore, Or wound us with thy
Shafts no more.

The SOLDIER's GLORY.

The Words by Mr. *RICH. ESTCOURT.*





A Beauteous Miſtreſs is the Word,
That makes a Soldier draw his Sword;
The worſt of Dangers he will prove,
To be endear'd with Nights of Love:
What did we our Blades unſheath for,
And ſo often venture Death for,
In *Brabant*, at *Bruges*, at *Bruſſels*, at *Ghent*,
Oſtend, *Ramilly*, at *Liſle*, at *Tournay*, at *Blenheim*,
At *Doway*, *Bethune*, *St. Vincent*, and *Air*;
And many more Towns I want Breath for?
All this will a Soldier do for Love.

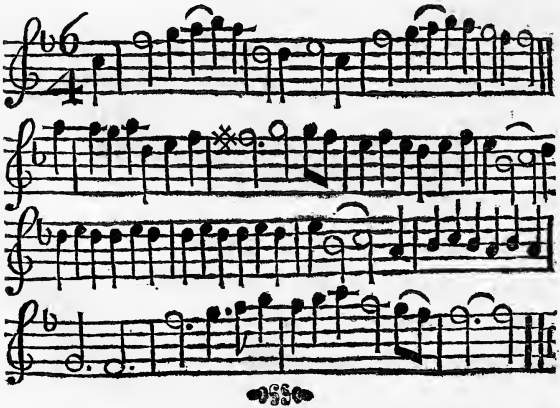
The valiant Soldier only dies,
When wounded by the Fair one's Eyes;
In War he may his Safety boaſt,
But there's no Armour againſt a Toaſt,

When

When ſhot by ſome dear Deceiver,
Falling down into a Fever,
His Heart, like a Drum, beats Come, come, come,
Come to my Arms, I'm murder'd by your Charms,
All this will a Soldier do for Love.

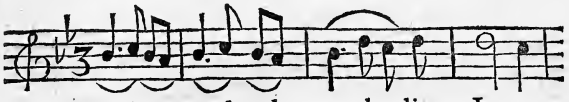
But glorious *Anne*, compleating all
The Balance of this mighty Ball,
Has doubly honour'd a Soldier's Life,
By being a noble Soldier's Wife.
Fair Ladies, it can't be new t'ye,
That your Beauty ſpurs us to Duty.
Admiring, deſiring, Love firing,
Inſpiring the Brave too,
Makes us deſie a Grave too:
For ſuch a Reward has a Soldier's Life.

For the FLUTE.

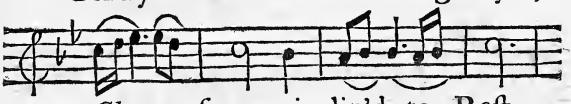


Signior GEMINIANI's MINUET.

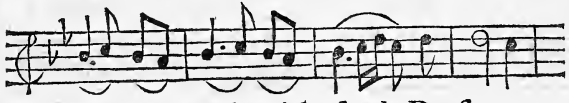
The Words by Mr. *BRADLEY.*



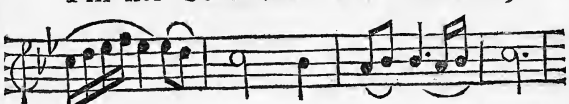
Gently touch the warb--ling Lyre,



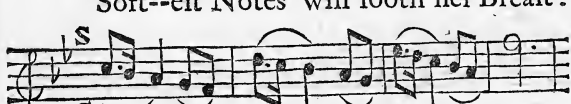
Clo---*e* ſeems inclin'd to Reſt;



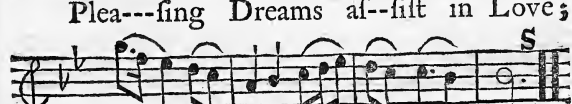
Fill her Soul with fond De-ſire,



Soft--eſt Notes will ſooth her Breaſt:



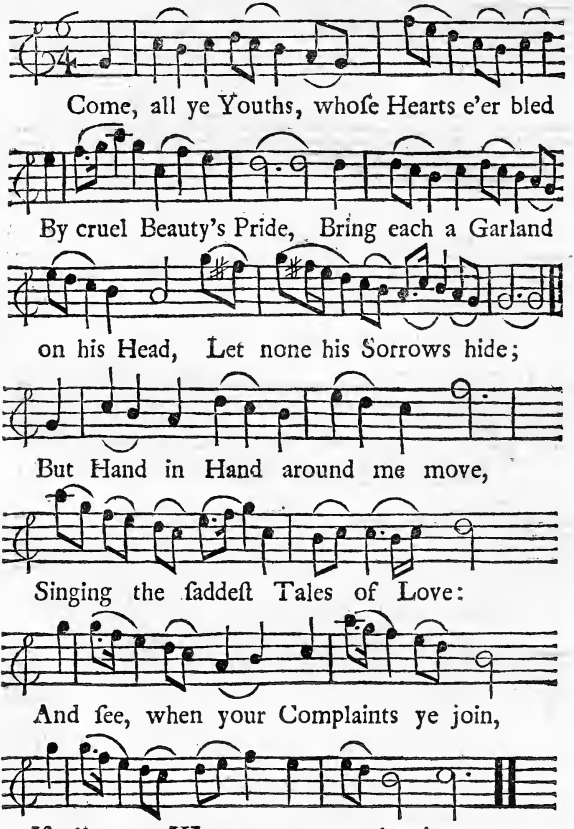
Plea---ſing Dreams aſ--ſiſt in Love;



Let them all pro--pi--tious prove.

On the moſſy Bank ſhe lyes,
(Nature's verdant Velvet Bed,)
Beauteous Flowers meet her Eyes,
Forming Pillows for her Head;
Zephyrs waft their Odours round,
And indulging Whiſpers ſound.

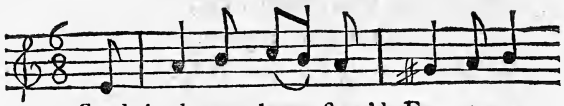
CASTALIO's COMPLAINT.



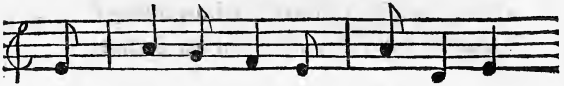
The

The happieſt Mortal once was I,
My Heart no Sorrows knew;
Pity the Pain with which I dye,
But ask not whence it grew.
Yet if a tempting Fair you find,
That's very lovely, very kind,
Though bright as Heaven, whoſe Stamp ſhe bears,
Think of my Fate, and ſhun her Snares.

The REPROACH.

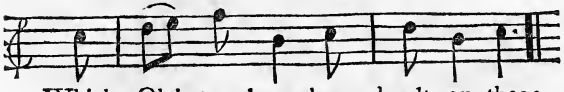


Send back my long-ſtray'd Eyes to me,

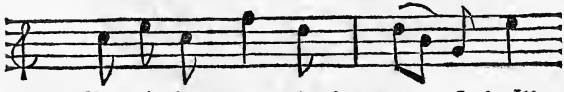


Which, Oh! too long have dwelt on thee:

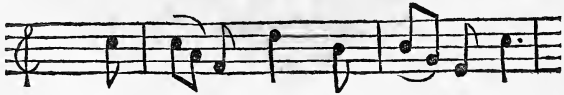
Send home my long-ſtray'd Eyes to me,



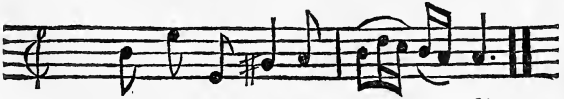
Which, Oh! too long have dwelt on thee:



But if from you they've learnt ſuch Ill,



To ſweetly Smile, and then Beguile,



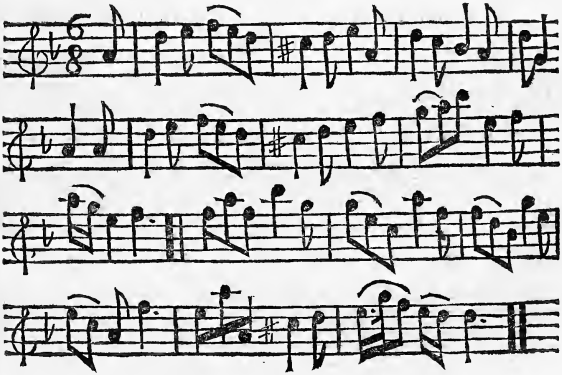
Keep the Deceivers, keep them ſtill.

Send

Send home my harmleſs Heart again,
Which no unworthy Thought cou'd ſtain:
But if it has been taught by thine
To forfeit both
Its Word and Oath,
Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

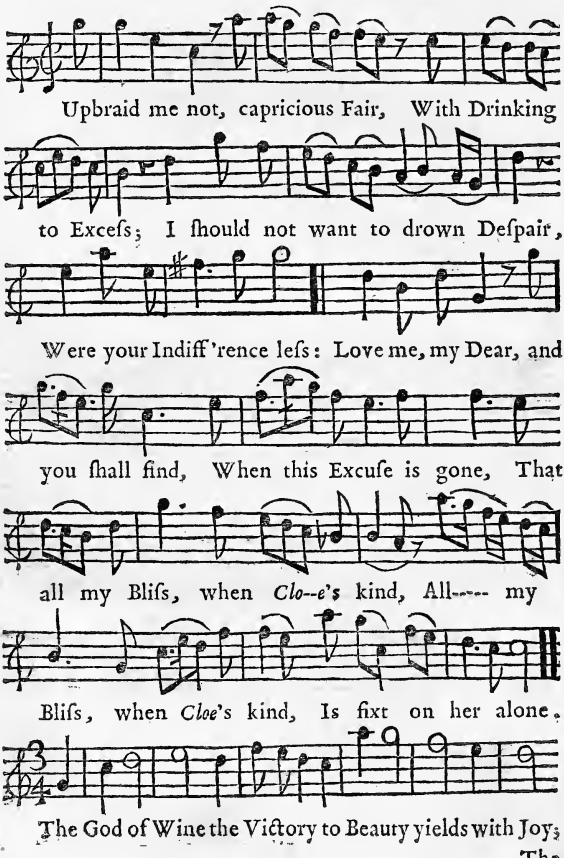
Yet ſend me back my Heart and Eyes,
For I'll know all thy Falſities;
That I one Day may laugh, when thou
Shalt grieve and mourn;
For one will ſcorn,
And prove as Falſe as thou art now.

For the FLUTE.

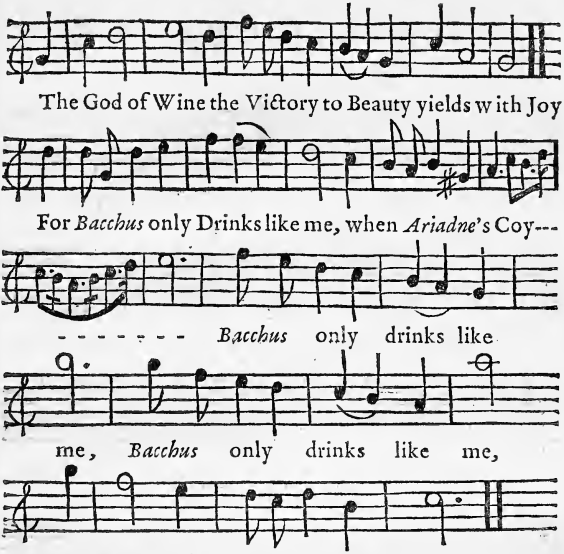


A LOVER's EXCUSE for DRINKING.

Set by Mr. *LEVERIDGE.*

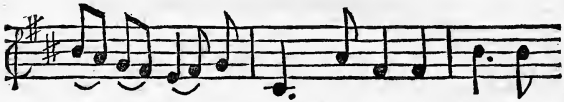


The

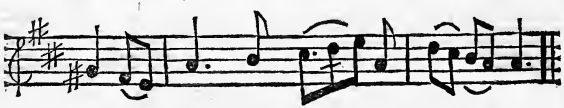

The God of Wine the Victory to Beauty yields with Joy
For *Bacchus* only Drinks like me, when *Ariadne*'s Coy---
------- *Bacchus* only drinks like
me, *Bacchus* only drinks like me,
like me, When *A--ri-ad--ne*'s Coy.

LOVE's CAPRICE.

Poor ſighing *Damon* courts in vain The

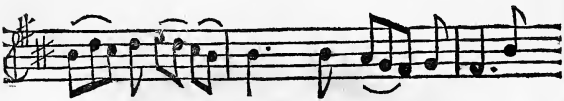


blooming *Sylvia*'s Love; To ev'ry Stream he

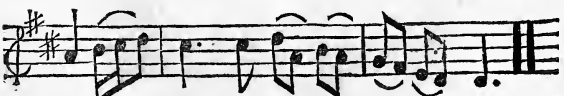


tells his Pain, His Care to ev'ry Grove.

Whilſt tender *Sylvia*'s panting Breaſt For



ſcornful *Acron* burns, Proud *Acron* ſlights her

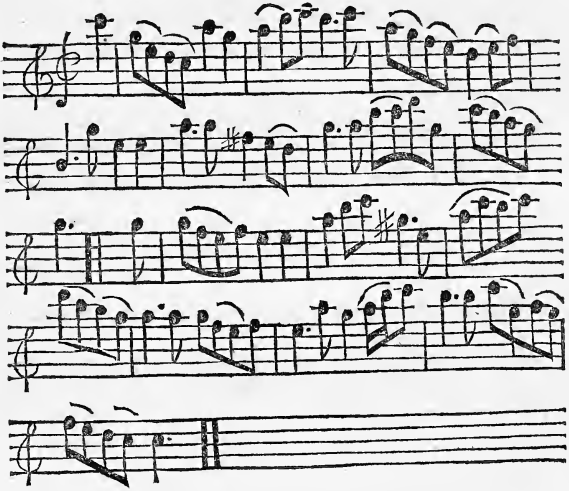


fond Requeſt, And all her Favours ſcorns.

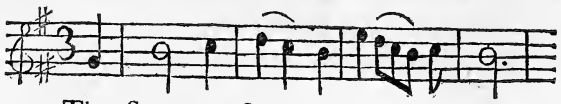
[*To the Second Part of the Tune.*]

Let ev'ry Nymph, that ſlights her Swain,
Still meet with *Sylvia*'s Fate;
And, when ſhe feels her Lover's Pain,
Her own Example hate.

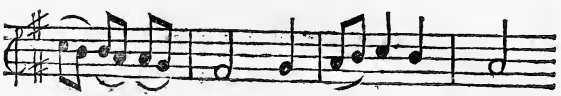
For the FLUTE.



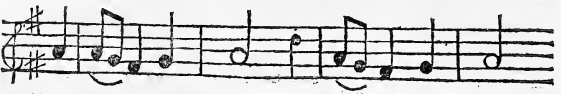
The DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.



The Sun was ſunk be--neath the Hills,

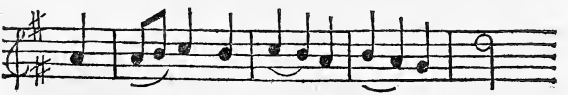


The Weſtern Clouds were edg'd with Gold;

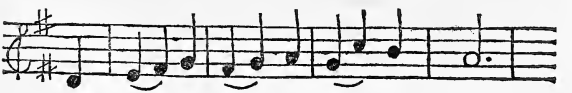


The Sky was clear, the Winds were ſtill,

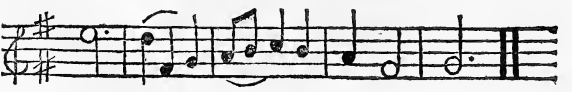
The Flocks were penn'd within their Fold:



When, from the Silence of the Grove,



Poor *Damon* thus deſpair'd of Love;



Poor *Damon* thus deſpair'd of Love.

Who

Who ſeeks to pluck the fragrant Roſe
From the bare Rock, or oozy Beach;
Who, from each barren Weed that grows,
Expects the Grape, and bluſhing Peach;
With equal Faith may hope to find
The Truth of Love in Womankind.
The Truth, &c.

I have no Flocks, nor fleecy Care,
No Fields that ſhine with golden Grain,
Nor Meadows green, nor Gardens fair,
Of Virgins venal Hearts to gain;
Then all in vain my Sighs muſt prove,
For I, alas! am nought but Love.
For I, &c.

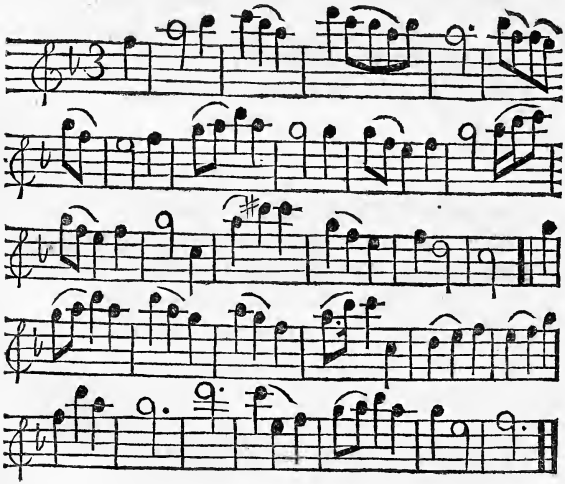
How wretched is the faithful Youth,
Since Women's Hearts are bought and ſold;
They ask not Vows of ſacred Truth;
Whene'er they ſigh, they ſigh for Gold.
Gold can the Frowns of Scorn remove;
But I, alas! am nought but Love.
But I, &c.

To buy the Gems of *India*'s Coaſt,
What Wealth, what Riches can ſuffice?
But all their Fire can never boaſt
The living Luſtre of her Eyes;
For there the World too cheap would prove,
But I, alas! am nought but Love.
But I, &c.

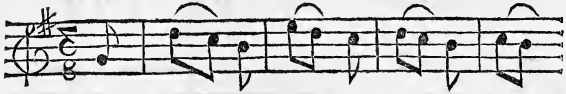
Oh,

Oh, *Sylvia*, ſince nor Gems, nor Oar,
Can with thy brighter Charms compare,
Conſider, that I proffer more,
(More ſeldom found) a Heart ſincere.
Let Treaſure meaner Beauties move;
Who pays thy Worth, muſt pay with Love.
Who pays, &c.

For the FLUTE.

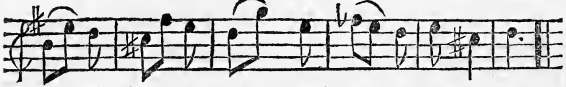


The Words by Mr. TORKINTON. *Set by Mr.* GOUGE.



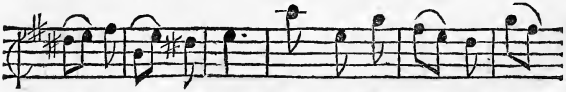
Wou'd Heav'n indulge my love-ſick Mind,

And make my Joys compleat; Let me my

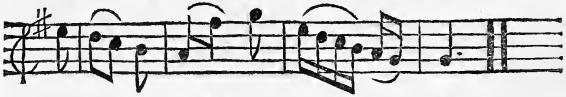


Myra's Favour find, And lay me at her Feet.

If the dear Nymph but on me ſmile, Then



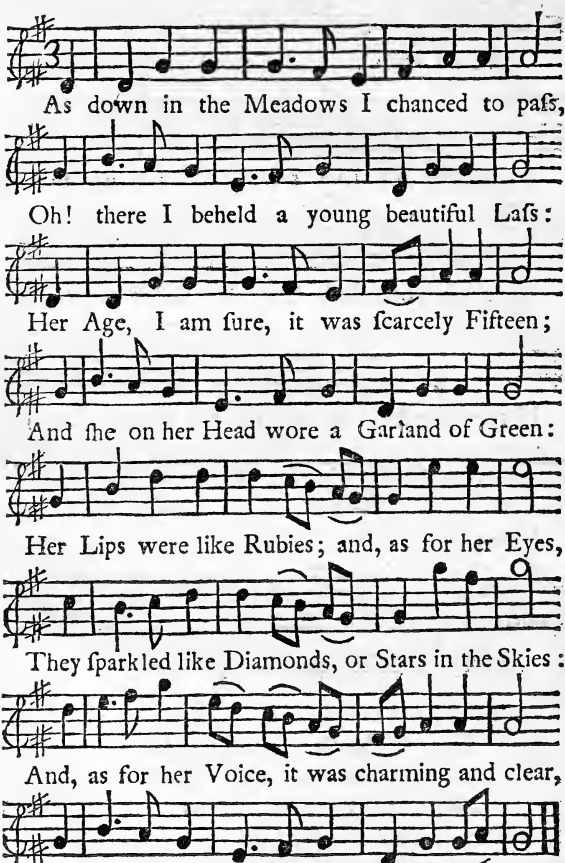
Fate may do its worſt: While ſhe is kind, I fear



no Ill; I ne'er can be ac----curſt.

With her I cou'd for ever dwell,
There's Heav'n within her Arms;
But, abſent from her, I'm in Hell;
Dire Grief my Soul alarms.
I rave, I burn, I pine, I dye,
Nought can my Heart relieve;
But at her Sight my Sorrows fly,
Her Preſence bids me live.

SUSAN's COMPLAINT.



Why

Why does my Love *Billy* prove falſe and unkind,
Ah! why does he change, like the wavering Wind,
From one that is Loyal in ev'ry Degree?
Ah! why does he change to Another from Me?
Or does he take Pleaſure to torture me ſo?
Or does he delight in my ſad Overthrow?
Suſannah will always prove true to her Truſt,
'Tis Pity, lov'd *Billy* ſhould be ſo unjuſt.

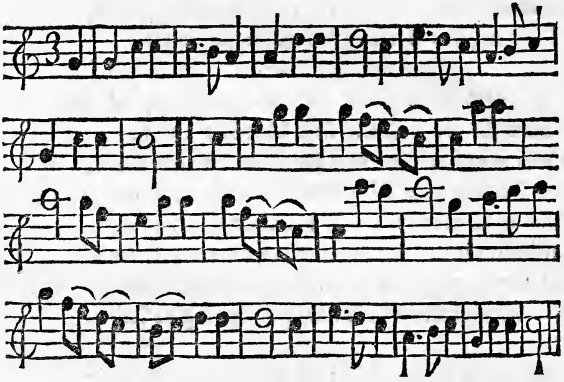
In the Meadows as we were a making of Hay,
There did we paſs the ſoft Minutes away;
Then was I kiſs'd, and ſat down on his Knee;
No Man in the World was ſo loving as he.
And as he went forth to Harrow and Plow,
I milk'd him ſweet Sillabubs under my Cow:
O! then I was kiſs'd, as I ſat on his Knee;
No Man in the World was ſo loving as he.

But now he has left me, and *Fanny* the Fair
Employs all his Wiſhes, his Thoughts, and his Care;
He kiſſes her Hand, and ſets her on his Knee,
And ſays all the ſoft Things, he once ſaid to me:
But if ſhe believe him, the falſe-hearted Swain
Will leave her, and then ſhe with me may complain:
For nought is more certain, believe ſilly *Sue*,
Who once has been Faithleſs, can never be True.

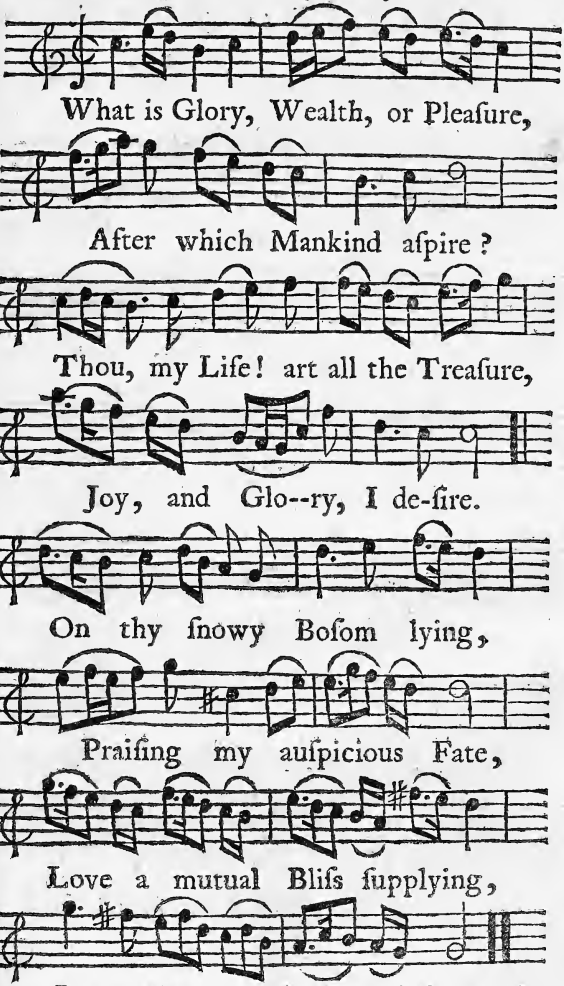
She finiſh'd her Song, and 'roſe up to be gone,
When over the Meadow came jolly young *John*;
Who told her, that She was the Joy of his Life,
And, if ſhe'd conſent, he wou'd make her his Wife:

She could not refuſe him, ſo to Church they went;
Young *Billy*'s forgot, and young *Suſan*'s content.
Moſt Men are like *Billy*, moſt Women like *Sue*;
If Men will be Falſe, why ſhould Women be True?

For the FLUTE.



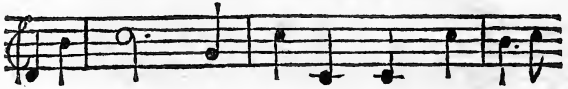
The Words by Mr. BAKER. *Set by Mr.* TENOE.



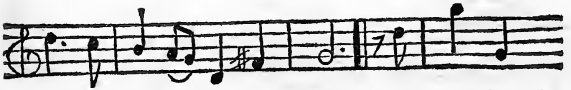
TIPPLING JOHN.

Sung by Mr. HARPER, *in the* Provok'd Wife.

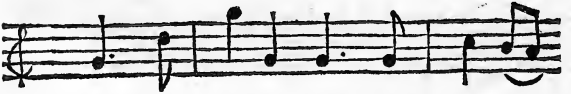
As tippling *John* Was jogging on, Upon the



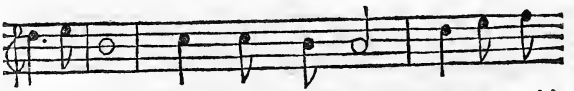
Riot-Night; With tott'ring Pace, And fiery



Face, Suſpicious of High Flight: The Guards, who



took Him, by his Look, For ſome chief



Firebrand, Ask'd, whence he came? What was his

Name? Who are you? Stand, Friend, ſtand.

I'm

I'm going home; from Meeting come;
Ay, ſays one, that's the Caſe:
Some Meeting he has burnt, you ſee,
The Flame's ſtill in his Face.
John thought 'twas time to purge the Crime,
And ſaid, 'twas his Intent
For to aſſuage his thirſty Rage;
That Meeting 'twas he meant.

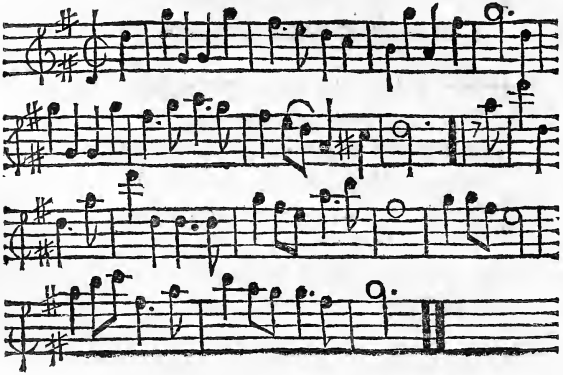
Come, Friend, be plain, you trifle in vain,
Says one, pray let us know,
That we may find how you're inclin'd,
Are you High Church, or Low?
John ſaid to That, I'll tell you What,
To end Debates and Strife,
All I can ſay, this is the way
I ſteer my Courſe of Life:

I ne'er to *Bow*, nor *Burgeſs* go,
To Steeple-Houſe nor Hall;
The brisk Bar-Bell beſt ſuits my Zeal,
With, Gentlemen, d' ye call?
Now judge, am I Low Church, or High,
From Tavern or the Steeple,
Whoſe merry Toll exalts the Soul,
And makes us high-flown People.

The Guards came on, and look'd at *John*
With Countenance moſt pleaſant;
By Whiſper round, they all ſoon found,
He was no dang'rous Peaſant:

So while *John* ſtood, the beſt he cou'd,
Expecting their Deciſion,
Pox on't! ſays one, let him be gone,
He's of our own Religion.

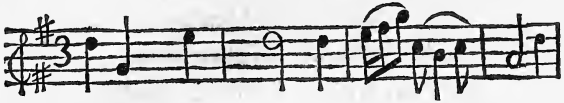
For the FLUTE.



The MIDSUMMER WISH.

By the Author of the FAIR CIRCASSIAN.

Written when he was at Eton *School.*

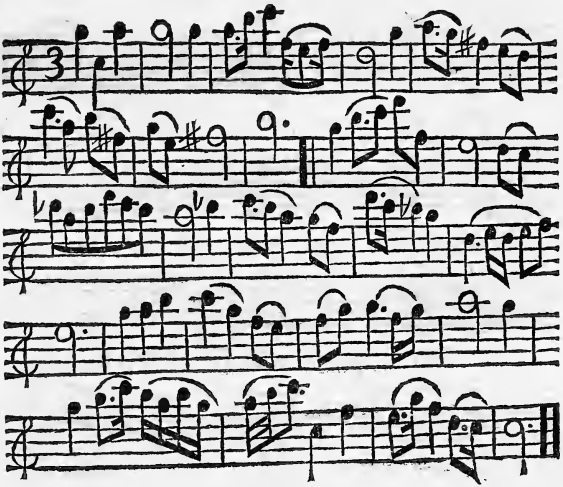


Old oozy *Thames*, that flows faſt by,
Along the ſmiling Valley plays;
His glaſſy Surface chears the Eye,
And thro' the flow'ry Meadow ſtrays.
His fertile Banks with Herbage green,
His Vales with golden Plenty ſwell;
Where-e'er his purer Streams are ſeen,
The Gods of Health and Pleaſure dwell.

Let me thy clear, thy yielding Wave
With naked Arm once more divide;
In thee my glowing Boſom lave,
And cut the gently-rolling Tide.
Lay me, with Damask-roſes crown'd,
Beneath ſome Oſier's dusky Shade;
Where Watter-Lillies deck the Ground,
Where bubbling Springs refreſh the Glade.

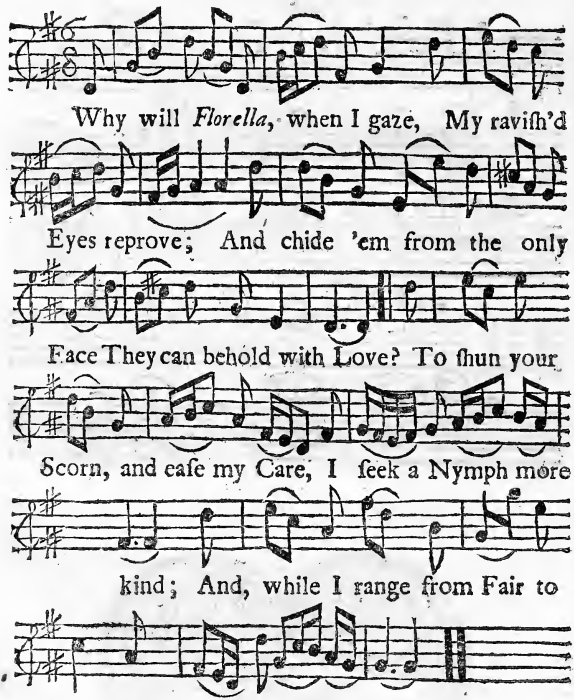
Let dear *Lucinda* too be there,
With azure Mantle ſlightly dreſt:
Ye Nymphs, bind up her flowing Hair;
Ye *Zephyrs*, fan her panting Breaſt.
O haſte away, fair Maid, and bring
The Muſe, the kindly Friend to Love;
To Thee alone the Muſe ſhall ſing,
And warble thro' the vocal Grove.

For the FLUTE.



FLORELLA.

Set by Mr. TENOE.

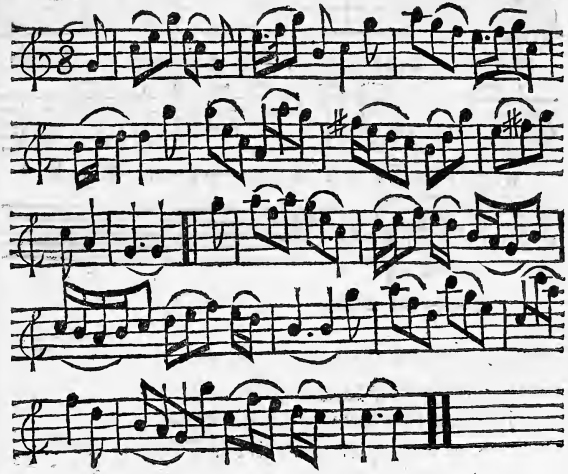


But oh! How faint is ev'ry Joy,
Where Nature has no Part?
New Beauties may my Eyes employ,
But You engage my Heart.

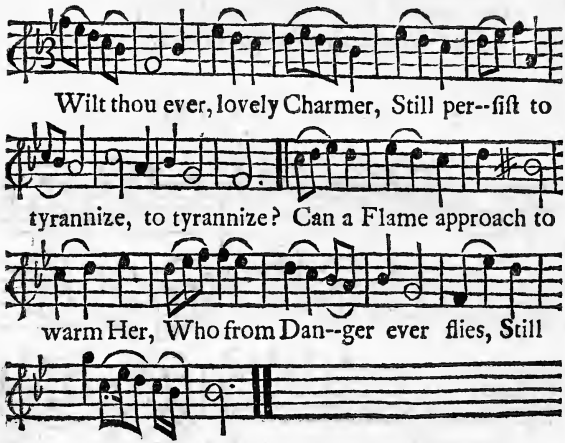
So

So reſtleſs Exiles, as they roam,
Meet Pity ev'ry where;
But languiſh for their Native Home,
Tho' Death attends them there.

For the FLUTE.



The COQUET.



Circled in a Crowd of Lovers,
Freely all you entertain; *you*, &c.
None a favourite Smile diſcovers,
Yet we're pleas'd to live in Pain, *to live* &c.

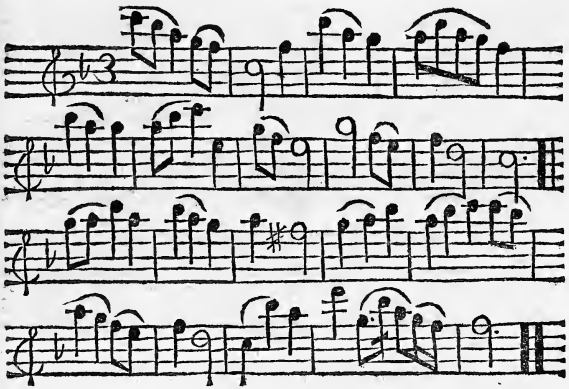
Thus, by Art your Sex exceeding,
You indulge each vain Pretence; *each vain* &c.
Fops encourage by good Breeding,
But approve the Man of Senſe, *the Man* &c.

Long in Silence have I waited,
Trembling to diſcloſe my Love, *diſcloſe* &c.
Fearful to be one you hated,
Hopeleſs you'd my Flame approve, *my* &c.

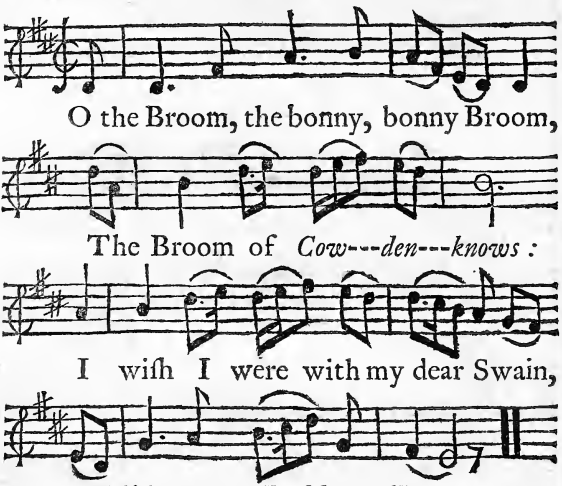
But,

But, believe me, charming Creature,
Heav'n deſign'd you kind as fair, *you* &c.
Be then (for 'tis in your Nature)
Kind, like him whoſe Form you wear, *whoſe* &c.

For the FLUTE.



Scotch SONG, *call'd*, O the Broom.



How blith ilk Morn was I to ſee
The Swain come o'er the Hill?
He leap'd the Brook, and flew to me:
I met him with good Will.

He tun'd his Pipe and Reed ſae ſweet,
The Burds ſat liſtning by:
E'en the dull Cattle ſtood and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his Melody.

I neither wanted Ew nor Lamb,
While his Flock near me lay:
He gather'd in my Sheep at Een,
And chear'd me a' the Day.

He

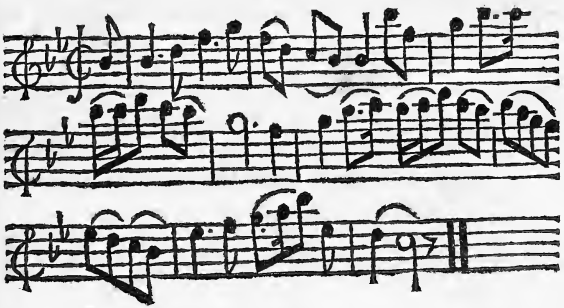
He did oblige me ev'ry Hour,
Cou'd I but thankful be?
He ſtaw my Heart, cou'd I refuſe
Whate'er he ask'd of me?

While thus we ſpent our Time by turns,
Betwixt our Flocks and Play;
I envy'd not the faireſt Dame,
Tho' ne'er ſae rich and gay.

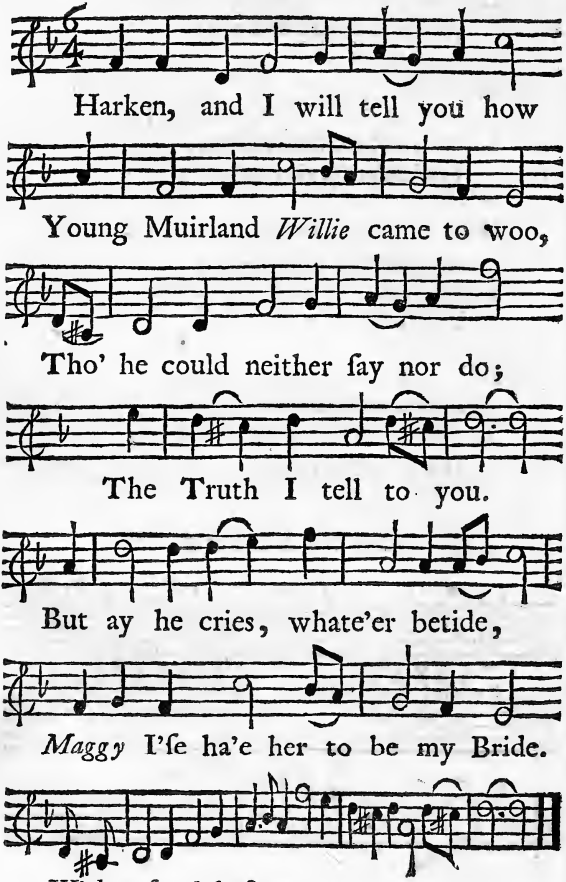
Hard Fate that I ſhould baniſh'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Becauſe I lov'd the kindeſt Swain
That ever yet was born.

Adieu, ye *Cowdenknows*, adieu,
Farewel a' Pleaſures there;
Ye Gods, reſtore to me my Swain,
Is a' I crave or care.

For the FLUTE.



SCOTCH WEDDING.



On

On his gray Yad as he did ride,
With Durk and Piſtol by his Side,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle Pride,
Wi' meikle Mirth and Glee:
Out o'er yon Moſs, out o'er yon Mure,
Till he came to her Dady's Door.
With a fa, lal, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
I'm come your Doghter's Love to win,
I care no for making meikle Din,
What Anſwer gi' ye me?
Now, Woer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
I'le gie ye my Doghter's Love to win,
With a fa, lal, &c.

Now, Woer, ſince ye are lighted down,
Where do ye win, or in what Town?
I think my Doghter winna gloon
On ſic a Lad as ye.
The Woer he ſtept up to the Houſe,
And wow but he was wond'rous crouſe,
With a fa, lal, &c.

I have three Owſen in a Plough,
Twa good ga'n Yads, and Gear enough,
The Place they ca' it *Cadeneugh*;
I ſcorn to tell a Lie:

Be-

Beſides, I had frae thee great Laird,
A Peat-pat and a Lang-kail Yard,
With a fa, lal, &c.

The Maid pat on her Kirtle brown,
She was the braweſt in a' the Town;
I wat on him ſhe did na gloon,
But blinkit bonnilie.
The Lover he ſtended up in Haſte,
And gript her hard about the Waſte,
With a fa, lal, &c.

To win your Love, Maid, I'm come here,
I'm young, and hae enough o' Gear,
And for my ſell ye need na fear,
Troth, try me whan ye like.
He took aff his Bonnet and ſpat in his Chew,
He dighted his Gab, and he pri'd her Mou',
With a fa, lal, &c.

The Maiden bluſht and bing'd fu' law,
She had na Will to ſay him na,
But to her Dady ſhe left it a',
As they twa cou'd agree.
The Lover ee ga'e her the tither Kiſs,
Syne ran to her Dady and tell'd him this,
With a fa, lal, &c.

Your

Your Doghter wad na ſay me na,
But to your ſell ſhe has left it a',
As we cou'd gree between us twa,
Say what'll ye gi' me wi' her?
Now, Woer, quo' he, I ha'e nae meikle,
But ſick's I ha'e ye's get a Pickle,
With a fa, lal, &c.

A Kilnfu' of Corn I'll gi'e to thee,
Three Soums of Sheep, twa good Milk Ky,
Ye's ha'e the Wadding Dinner free,
Troth, I dow do na mair.
Content, quoth he, a Bargain be't,
I'm far frae hame, make haſte let's do't,
With a fa, lal, &c.

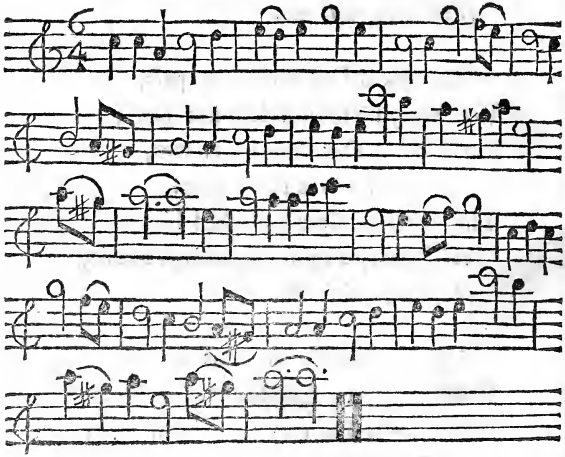
The Bridal Day it came to paſs,
Wi' mony blythſome Lad and Laſs;
But ſicken a Day there never was,
Sic Mirth was never ſeen.
This winſom Couple ſtraked Hands,
Meſs *John* ty'd up the Marriage Bands,
With a fa, lal, &c.

And our Bride's Maidens were na few,
Wi' Tap-knots, Lug-knots a' in blew,
Frae Tap to Tae they were braw new,
And blinked bonnilie.

Their Toys and Mutches were ſae clean,
They glanced in our Ladſes Een,
With a fa, lal, &c.

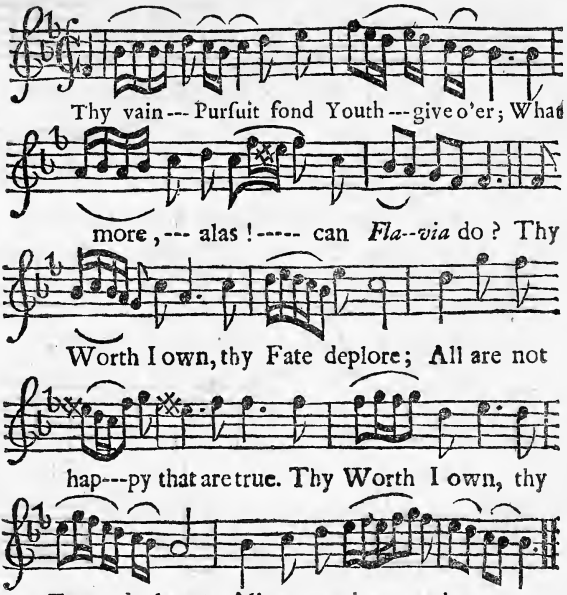
Sick Hirdum, Dirdum, and ſick Din,
Wi' he o'er her, and ſhe o'er him,
The Minſtrels they did never blin,
Wi' meikle Mirth and Glee.
And ay they bobit and ay they beckt,
And ay their Wames together met,
With a fa, lal, &c.

For the FLUTE.



HOPELESS LOVE.

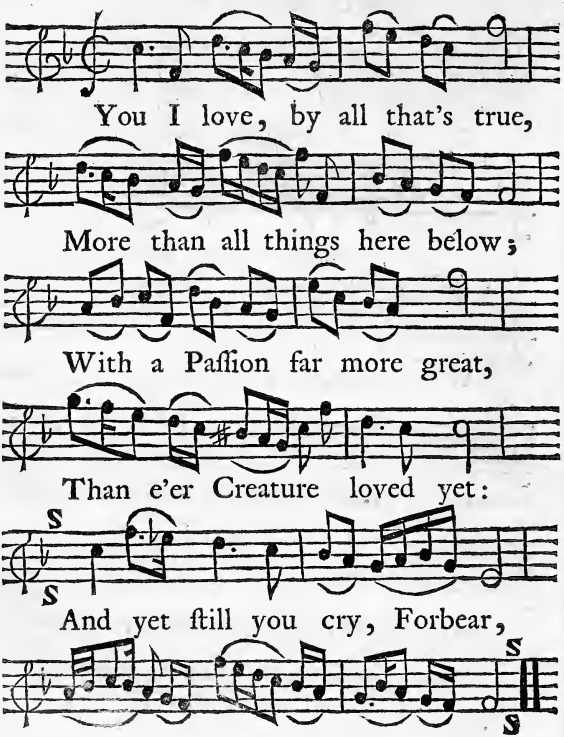
Set by Mr. *GOUGE.*



Suppreſs thy Sighs, and weep no more;
Should Heaven and Earth with thee combine,
'Twere all in vain; ſince any Power,
To crown thy Love, muſt alter mine:
'Twere all, &c.

But, if Revenge can eaſe thy Pain,
I'll ſooth thoſe Ills I cannot cure,
Tell thee I drag a hopeleſs Chain,
And more than I inflict, endure.
Tell thee, &c.

Set by Mr. *TENOE.*



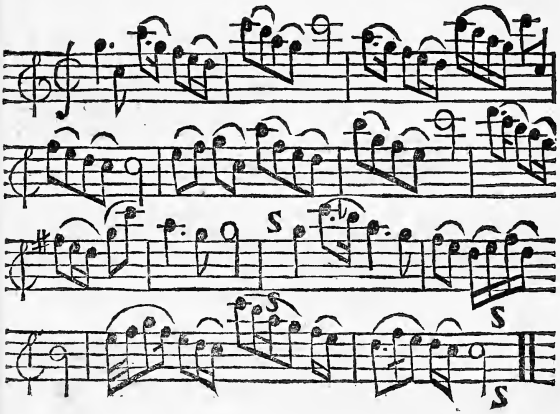
Bid the Miſer leave his Ore;
Bid the Wretched ſigh no more;
Bid the Old be Young again;
Bid the Nun not think of Man:

Silvia,

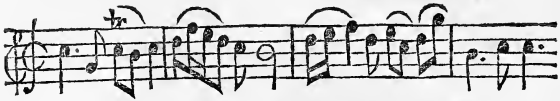
Silvia, this when you can do,
Bid me then not think of you.

Love's not a thing of Choice, but Fate:
What makes Me love, makes You to hate;
Silvia, then, do what you will,
Eaſe or Cure, Torment or Kill;
Be Kind or Cruel, Falſe or True,
Love I muſt, and none but You.

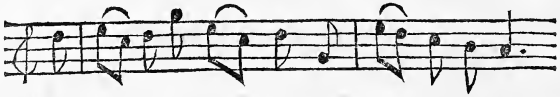
For the FLUTE.



Set by Mr. *COLE.*

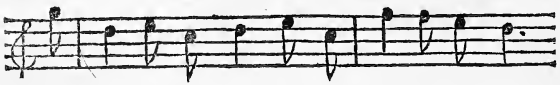


Prithee, *Celia*, now no more your Deceiver ſtill purſue,



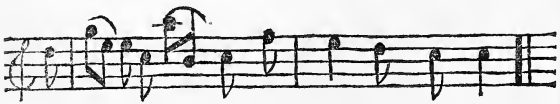
Nor flatter his Pride with the Pain you endure;

You lov'd him, becauſe you believ'd he was true;



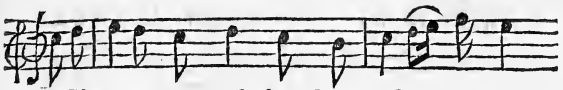
You find that he's Falſe, then let this be your Cure:

Tho' *Damon* be perjur'd, the next may prove kind,

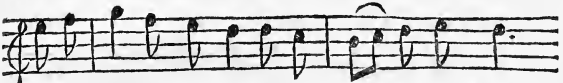


She only is bleſt who can change with the Wind.

Cleopatra

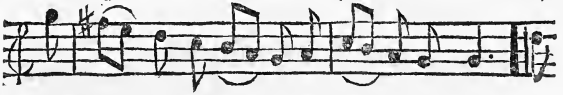


Cleopatra, we find, of her *Cæſar* bereft,



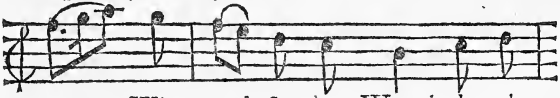
To ſecure her new Hero, employ'd all her Charms;

Nor ſigh'd nor repin'd that by One ſhe was left,

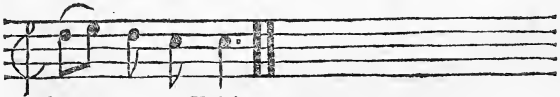


But found out a better to die in her Arms: Then

brighten your Eyes, and new Conqueſt pre-

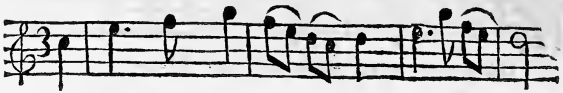


pare; Why need ſhe be Wretched, who

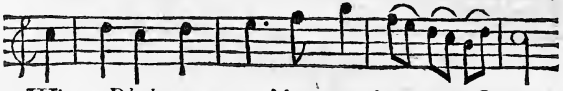


knows ſhe is Fair?

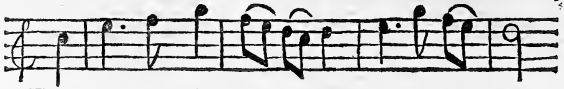
PHEBE. *Set by Mr.* GOUGE.



My Time, Oh ye Muſes! was happily ſpent,



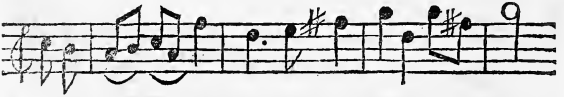
When *Phebe* went with me where-ever I went;



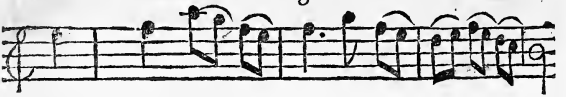
Ten thouſand ſoft Pleaſures I felt in my Breaſt:

Sure, never fond Shepherd like *Colin* was bleſt!

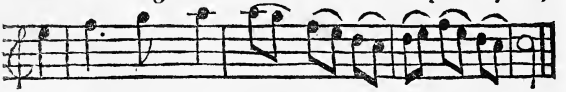
But now ſhe is gone, and has left me behind,



What a marvelous Change on a ſudden I find?



When Things were as fine as cou'd poſſibly be,



I thought 'twas the Spring; but alas! it was She.

With

With ſuch a Companion, to tend a few Sheep,
To riſe up and play, or to lye down and ſleep,
I was ſo good-humour'd, ſo chearful and gay,
My Heart was as light as a Feather all day.
But now I ſo croſs and ſo peeviſh am grown,
So ſtrangely uneaſy as never was known;
My Fair one is gone, and my Joys are all drown'd,
And my Heart — I am ſure it weighs more than a Pound.

The Fountain that wont to run ſweetly along,
And dance to ſoft Murmurs the Pebbles among,
Thou know'ſt, little *Cupid*, if *Phebe* was there,
'Twas Pleaſure to look at, 'twas Muſick to hear:
But now ſhe is abſent, I walk by its Side,
And, ſtill as it murmurs, do nothing but chide;
Muſt you be ſo chearful, while I go in Pain?
Peace there with your Bubbling, and hear me complain.

When my Lambkins around me would oftentime play,
And when *Phebe* and I were as joyful as they,
How pleaſant their Sporting, how happy the Time,
When Spring, Love and Beauty were all in their Prime?
But now in their Frolicks when by me they paſs,
I fling at their Fleeces an handful of Graſs;
Be ſtill then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
To ſee you ſo merry, while I am ſo ſad.

My Dog I was ever well pleaſed to ſee
Come wagging his Tail to my Fair One, and Me;
And *Phebe* was pleas'd too, and to my Dog ſaid,
Come hither, poor fellow; and patted his Head.

But now, when he's fawning, I with a four Look
Cry, Sirrah; and give him a Blow with my Crook:
And I'll give him another; for why ſhould not *Tray*
Be as dull as his Maſter, when *Phebe*'s away?

When walking with *Phebe*, what Sights have I ſeen?
How fair was the Flower, how freſh was the Green?
What a lovely appearance the Trees and the Shade,
The Corn-fields and Hedges, and ev'ry thing made?
But ſince ſhe has left me, tho' all are ſtill there,
They none of 'em now ſo delightful appear:
'Twas nought but the Magick, I find, of her Eyes
Made ſo many beautiful Proſpects ariſe.

Sweet Muſick went with us Both all the Wood thro',
The Lark, Linnet, Throſtle, and Nightingale too;
Winds over us whiſper'd, Flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the Graſhopper under our Feet.
But now ſhe is abſent, tho' ſtill they ſing on,
The Woods are but lonely, the Melody's gone:
Her Voice in the Conſort, as now I have found,
Gave every thing elſe its agreeable Sound.

Roſe, what is become of thy delicate Hue?
And where is the Violet's beautiful Blue?
Does ought of its Sweetneſs the Bloſſom beguile?
That Meadow, thoſe Daiſies, why do they not ſmile?
Ah! Rivals, I ſee what it was that you dreſt,
And made yourſelves fine for; a Place in her Breaſt:
You put on your Colours to pleaſure her Eye,
To be pluck'd by her Hand, on her Boſom to die.

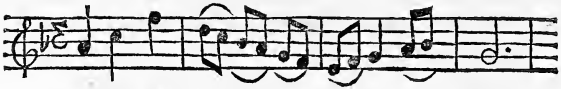
How

How ſlowly Time creeps, 'till my *Phebe* return?
While amidſt the ſoft *Zephyr*'s cool Breezes I burn;
Methinks, if I knew where-about he would tread,
I could breathe on his Wings, and 'twould melt down
the Lead.
Fly ſwifter, ye Minutes, bring hither my Dear,
And reſt ſo much longer for't, when ſhe is here.
Ah *Colin!* old Time is full of Delay,
Nor will budge one foot faſter for all thou canſt ſay.

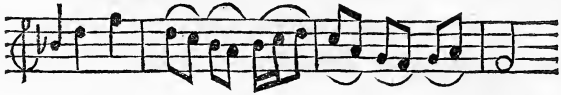
Will no pitying Power that hears me complain,
Or cure my Diſquiet, or ſoften my Pain?
To be cur'd, thou muſt, *Colin*, thy Paſſion remove;
But what Swain is ſo ſilly to live without Love?
No, Deity, bid the dear Nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor Shepherd ſo ſadly forlorn.
Ah! what ſhall I do? I ſhall die with Deſpair;
Take heed, all ye Swains, how you love one ſo fair.

JOCKEY and JENNY.

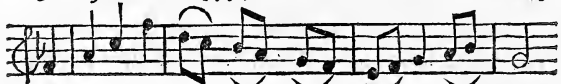
Set by Mr. GOUGE.



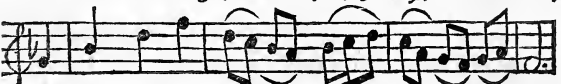
Jockey and *Jenny* together were laid;



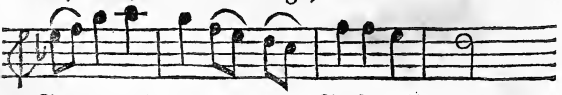
Jockey was happy, no leſs was the Maid;



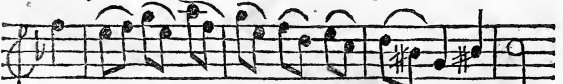
He often did ſigh, and cry'd, *Jenny*, with Thee,



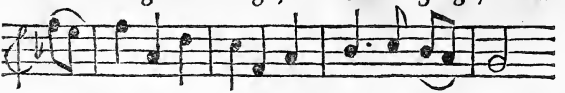
My Life, tho' in Bondage, wou'd ſeem to be free.



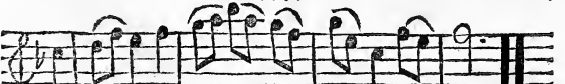
Jenny, who greatly for *Jockey* did burn,



Wou'd Sigh to his Sigh, and kind Language, return.



There's no Pair ſo happy, ſo much of one Mind,



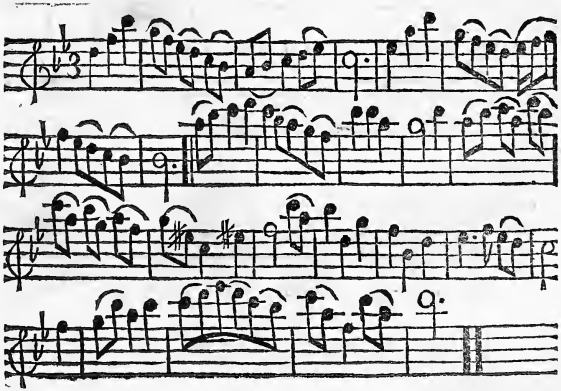
As *Jockey* to *Jenny*, ſo *Jenny*'s enclin'd.

Content

Content with each other in humble Retreat,
They court not new Beauties, nor envy the Great;
He'll not quit his Nymph, nor the Nymph quit her Swain,
For Pleaſures yet thought of, or Riches to gain.
Come, all you gay Courtiers, who Greatneſs admire,
And ſhine in gilt Coaches, with pompous Attire,
Regard the true Pleaſure this Couple enjoy,
For Pleaſures with *Jockey* and *Jenny* ne'er cloy.

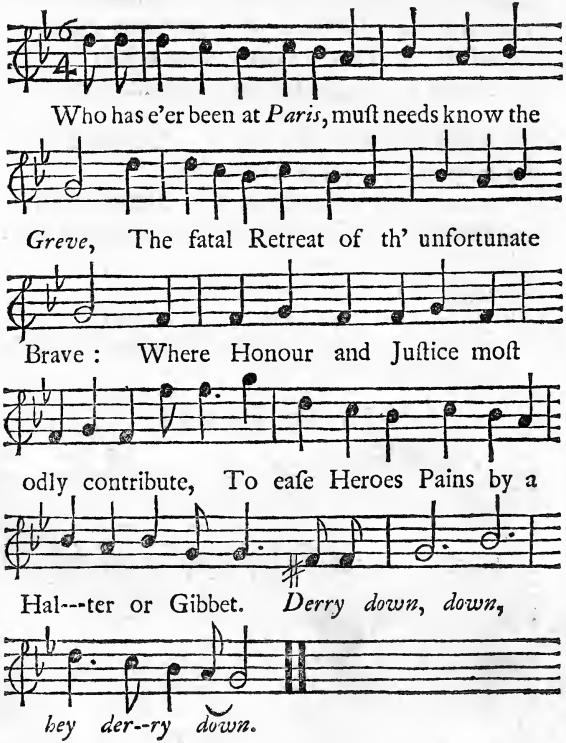
While you quit your *Silvia* for *Cloe*'s bright Eyes,
Aminta purſue, you fair *Cloe* deſpiſe,
When one Nymph's undone, you another undoe,
And rambling, the Fair does the ſame thing by you:
'Till Nature grows weary, decrepit, and poor,
Not aged, but quite has exhauſted her Store;
'Tis *Jockey* and *Jenny* enjoy the true Taſte:
Be conſtant like them, and your Pleaſures will laſt.

For the FLUTE.



A BALLAD.

To the Old Tune of the Abbot of Canterbury.



There Death breaks the Shackles, which Force had put on;
And the Hangman compleats, what the Judge but begun:
There

There the 'Squire of the Pad, and the Knight of the Poſt,
Find their Pains no more balk'd, and their Hopes no more croſs'd.
Derry down, &c.

Great Claims are there made, and great Secrets are known;
And the King, and the Law, and the Thief has his own:
But my Hearers cry out; What a Duce doſt thou ail?
Put off thy Reflections; and give us thy Tale.
Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then, in civil Reſpect to harſh Laws,
And for want of falſe Witneſs, to back a bad Cauſe,
A *Norman*, tho' late, was oblig'd to appear:
And Who to aſſiſt, but a grave *Cordelier*?
Derry down, &c.

The 'Squire, whoſe good Grace was to open the Scene,
Seem'd not in great Haſte, that the Show ſhou'd begin:
Now fitted the Halter, now travers'd the Cart;
And often took Leave; but was loth to depart.
Derry down, &c.

What frightens You thus, my good Son? ſays the Prieſt:
You Murther'd, are Sorry, and have been Confeſt.
O Father! My Sorrow will ſcarce ſave my Bacon:
For 'twas not that I Murther'd, but that I was Taken.
Derry down, &c.

Pough! pr'ythee, ne'er trouble thy Head with ſuch Fancies:
Rely on the Aid you ſhall have from Saint *Francis*:
If the Money you promis'd be brought to the Cheſt;
You have only to Dye: let the Church do the reſt.
Derry down, &c.

And

And what will Folks ſay, if they ſee you afraid?
It reflects upon Me, as I knew not my Trade:
Courage, Friend; To-day is your Period of Sorrow;
And Things will go better, believe me, To-morrow.
Derry down, &c.

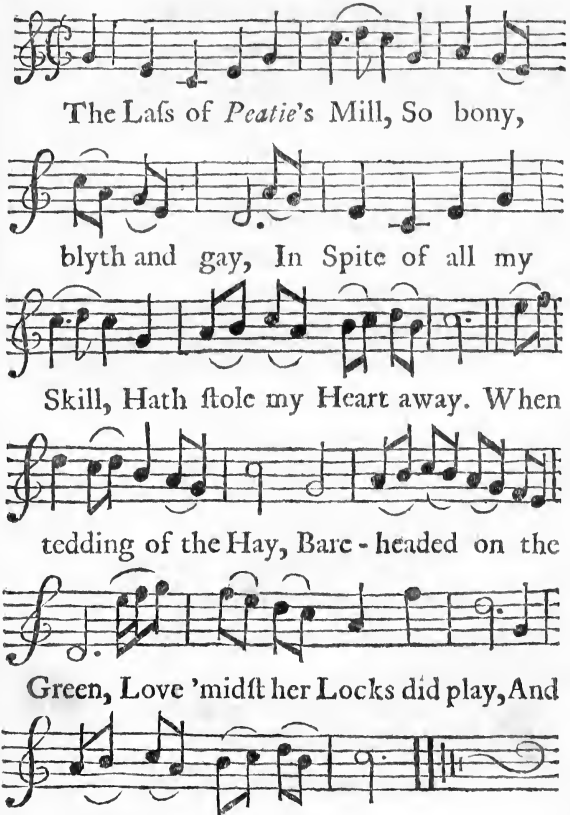
To-morrow? our Hero reply'd in a Fright:
He that's hang'd before Noon, ought to think of To-night.
Tell your Beads, quoth the Prieſt, and be fairly truſs'd up:
For you ſurely To-night ſhall in Paradiſe ſup.
Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the 'Squire, howe'er ſumptuous the Treat,
Parblew! I ſhall have little Stomach to Eat:
I ſhould therefore eſteem it great Favour, and Grace;
Wou'd you be ſo kind as to go in my Place.
Derry down, &c.

That I would, quoth the Father, and thank you to boot;
But our Actions, you know, with our Duty muſt ſuit.
The Feaſt, I propos'd to You, I cannot taſte:
For this Night, by our Order, is mark'd for a Faſt.
Derry down, &c.

Then turning about to the Hangman, he ſaid;
Diſpatch me, I pr'ythee, this troubleſome Blade:
For Thy Cord, and My Cord both equally tie;
And We live by the Gold, for which other Men Dye.
Derry down, &c.

PEATIE's MILL.

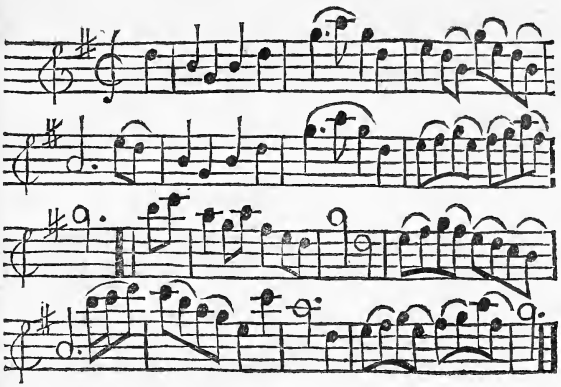


Her Arms, white, round and ſmooth,
Breaſts riſing in their Dawn,
To Age it wou'd give Youth,
To preſs 'em with his Hand.
Thro' all my Spirits ran
An Ecſtacy of Bliſs,
When I ſuch Sweetneſs fand
Wrapt in a balmy Kiſs.

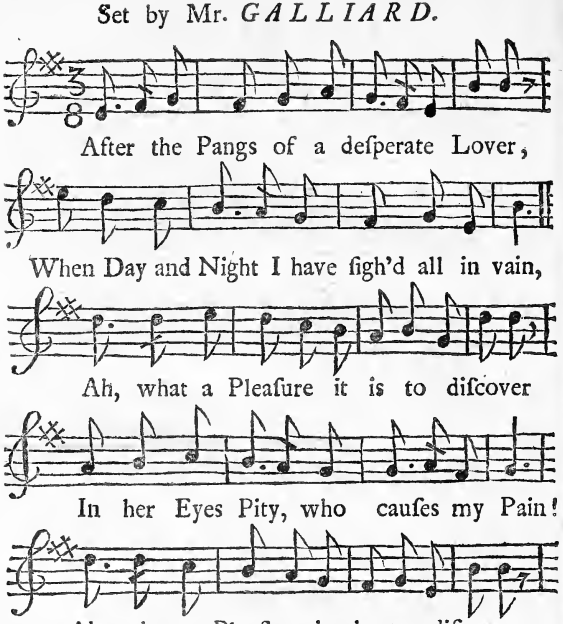
Without the Help of Art,
Like Flow'rs which grace the Wild,
She did her Sweets impart,
Whene'er ſhe ſpoke or ſmil'd:
Her Looks they were ſo mild,
Free from affected Pride,
She me to Love beguil'd,
I wiſh'd her for my Bride.

O had I all that Wealth
Hoptoun's high Mountains fill,
Inſur'd long Life and Health,
And Pleaſures at my Will;
I'd promiſe and fulfill,
That none but bonny She,
The Laſs of *Peatie*'s Mill,
Shou'd ſhare the ſame wi' me.

For the FLUTE.



Set by Mr. *GALLIARD.*



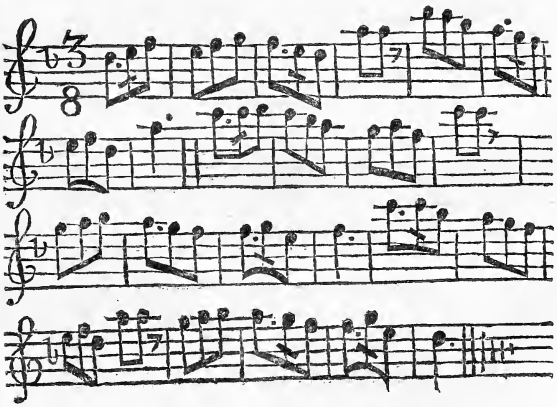
When with Unkindneſs our Love at a Stand is,
And Both have puniſh'd our ſelves with the Pain,
Ah, what a Pleaſure the Touch of her Hand is!
Ah, what a Pleaſure to preſs it again!
Ah, what a Pleaſure, &c.

When

When the Denial comes fainter and fainter,
And her Eyes give what her Tongue does deny,
Ah, what a Trembling I feel when I venture!
Ah, what a Trembling does uſher my Joy!
Ah, what a Trembling, &c.

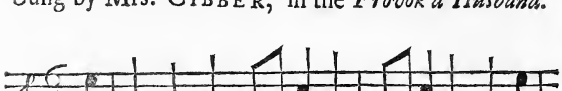
When, with a Sigh, ſhe accords me the Bleſſing,
And her Eyes twinkle 'twixt Pleaſure and Pain;
Ah, what a Joy 'tis, beyond all expreſſing!
Ah, what a Joy to hear, *Shall we again!*
Ah, what a Joy, &c.

For the FLUTE.

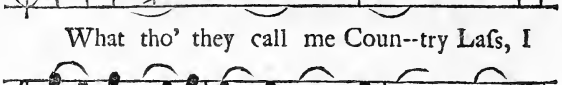


The Fine LADY's LIFE.

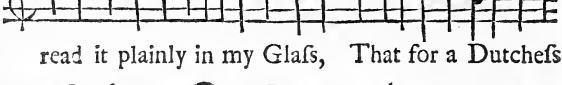
Sung by Mrs. CIBBER, in the *Provok'd Husband.*



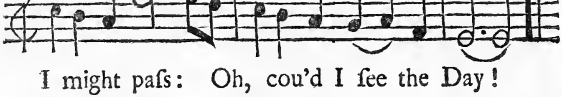
What tho' they call me Coun--try Laſs, I



read it plainly in my Glaſs, That for a Dutcheſs

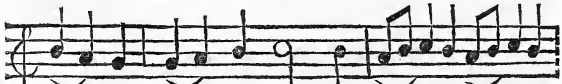


I might paſs: Oh, cou'd I ſee the Day!



Wou'd Fortune but attend my Call, At Park, at

Play, at Ring, and Ball, I'd brave the proudeſt



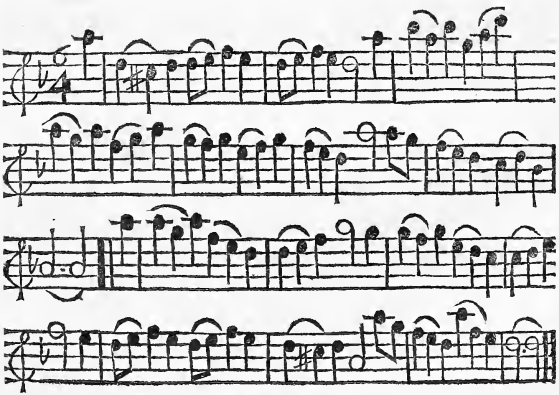
of them all, With a *Stand by---Clear the Way.*

Sur-

Surrounded by a Crowd of Beaux,
With ſmart Toupees, and powder'd Cloaths,
At Rivals I'll turn up my Noſe;
Oh, cou'd I ſee the Day!
I'll dart ſuch Glances from theſe Eyes,
Shall make ſome Lord, or Duke, my Prize;
And then, Oh! how I'll tyrannize,
With a *Stand by*---*Clear the Way.*

Oh! then for ev'ry new Delight,
For Equipage and Diamonds bright,
Quadrille, and Plays, and Balls, all Night,
Oh, cou'd I ſee the Day!
Of Love and Joy I'd take my Fill,
The tedious Hours of Life to kill,
In every thing I'd have my Will,
With a *Stand by*---*Clear the Way.*

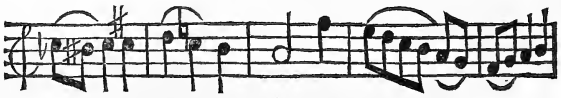
For the FLUTE.



Sung in the CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

From Place to Place for----lorn I go, With

downcaſt Eyes, a ſilent Shade; Forbidden



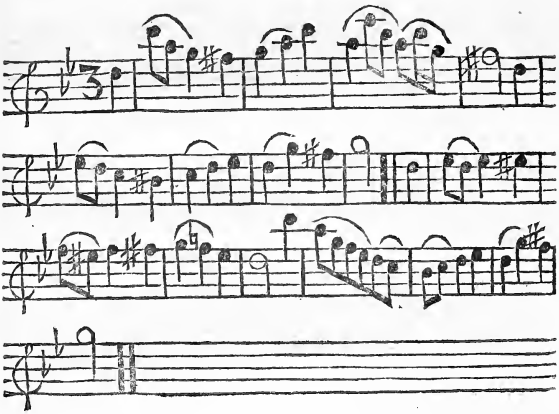
to de--clare my Woe; To ſpeak, 'till ſpoken

to, a--fraid.

My inward Pang, my ſecret Grief,
My ſoft conſenting Looks betray;
He loves, but gives me no Relief;
Why ſpeaks not He who may?

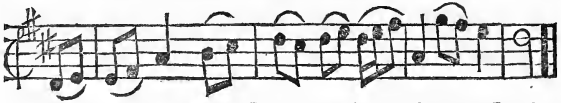
For

For the FLUTE.



SCOTCH SONG.

Ye Shepherds, and Nymphs, that adorn the gay Plain,



Approach from your Sports, and attend to my Strain;

Amongſt all your Number a Lover ſo true Was

ne'er ſo undone, with ſuch Bliſs in his View.

Was ever a Nymph ſo hard-hearted, as mine?
She knows me ſincere, and ſhe ſees how I pine;
She does not diſdain me, nor frown in her Wrath,
But calmly, and mildly, reſigns me to Death.

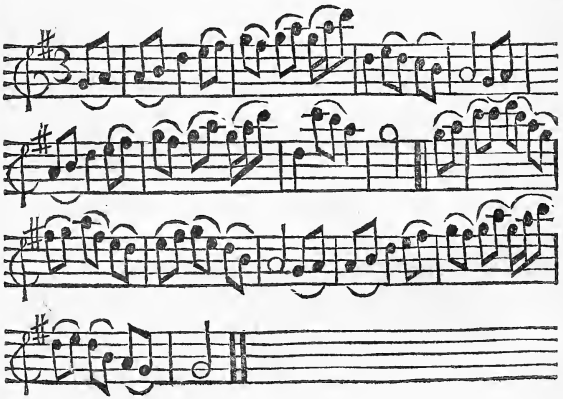
She calls me her Friend; but her Lover denies:
She ſmiles when I'm chearful, but hears not my Sighs:
A Boſom ſo flinty, ſo gentle an Air,
Inſpires me with Hope, and yet bids me deſpair!

I fall at her Feet, and implore her with Tears;
Her Anſwer confounds, while her Manner endears;
When ſoftly ſhe tells me to hope no Relief,
My trembling Lips bleſs her in ſpite of my Grief.

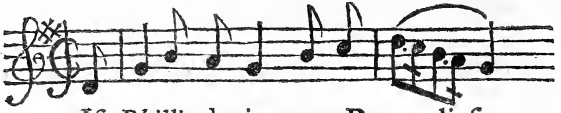
By Night while I ſlumber, ſtill haunted with Care,
I ſtart up in Anguiſh, and ſigh for the Fair:
The Fair ſleeps in Peace, may ſhe ever do ſo!
And, only when dreaming, imagine my Woe.

Then gaze at a Diſtance, nor farther aſpire,
Nor think ſhe ſhould love, whom ſhe cannot admire.
Huſh all thy Complaining, and, dying her Slave,
Commend her to Heav'n, and thy ſelf to the Grave.

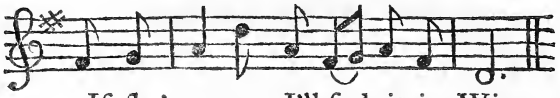
For the FLUTE.



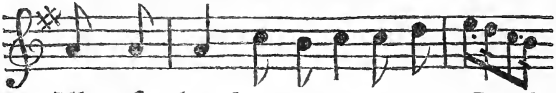
LOVE, *or* WINE.



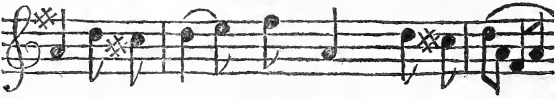
If *Phillis* denies me Re-----lief,



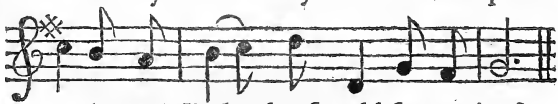
If ſhe's angry, I'll ſeek it in Wine:



Tho' ſhe laughs at my amorous Grief,



At my Mirth why ſhould ſhe repine?



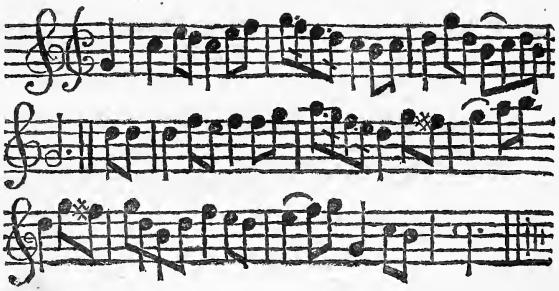
--- At my Mirth why ſhould ſhe repine?

The ſparkling *Champaign* ſhall remove
All the Cares my dull Grief has in ſtore:
My Reaſon I loſt when I lov'd,
And, by Drinking, what can I do more?
And by Drinking, &c.

Wou'd

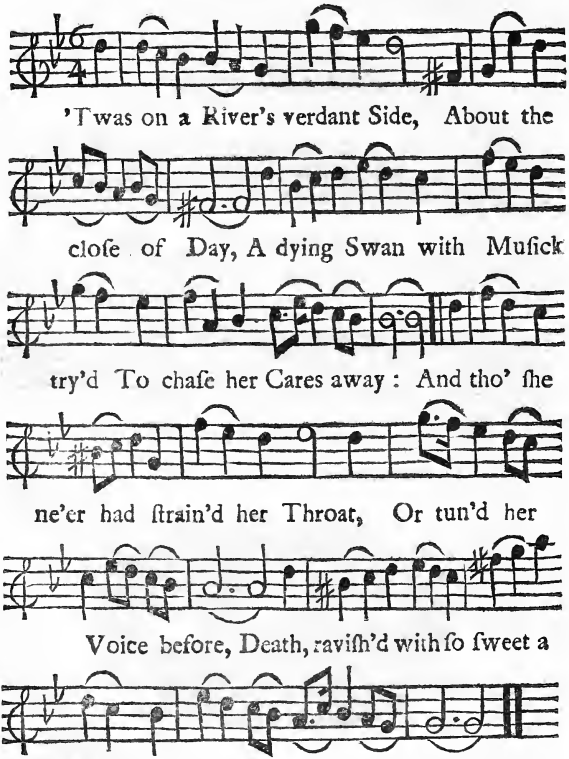
Wou'd *Phillis* but pity my Pain,
Or my amorous Vow wou'd approve;
The Juice of the Grape I'd disdain,
And be drunk with nothing but Love;
And be drunk, &c.

For the FLUTE.



The DYING SWAN.

Set by Mr. *TENOE.*



Fare-

Farewel, ſhe cry'd, ye Silver Streams;
Ye purling Waves, adieu;
Where *Phœbus* us'd to dart his Beams,
And bleſt both me and you.
Farewel, ye tender whiſtling Reeds,
Soft Scenes of happy Love;
Farewel, ye bright enamell'd Meads,
Where I was wont to rove:

With you I muſt no more converſe;
Look! yonder ſetting Sun
Waits, while I theſe laſt Notes rehearſe,
And then I muſt be gone.
Mourn not, my kind and conſtant Mate,
We'll meet again below;
It is the kind Decree of Fate,
And I with Pleaſure go.

While thus ſhe ſung, upon a Tree
Within th' adjacent Wood,
To hear her mournful Melody,
A Stork attentive ſtood:
From whence, thus to the Swan ſhe ſpoke;
What means this Song of Joy?
Is it, fond Fool, ſo kind a Stroke,
That does thy Life deſtroy?

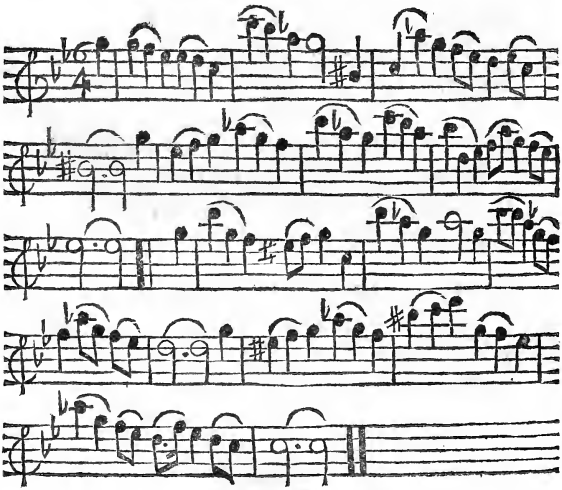
Turn back, deluded Bird, and try
To keep thy fleeting Breath;
It is a diſmal thing to die;
And Pleaſure ends in Death.

Baſe Stork, the Swan reply'd, give o'er;
Thy Arguments are vain;
If after Death we are no more,
Yet we are free from Pain:

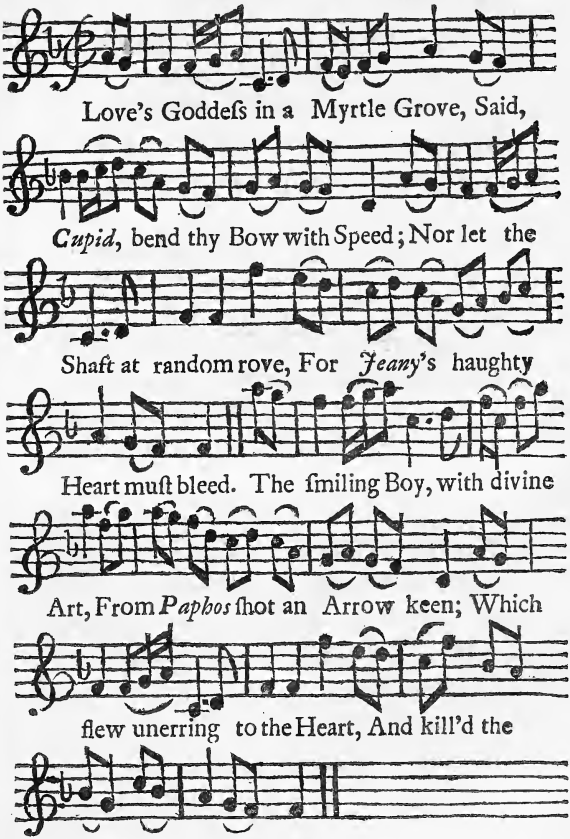
But there are ſoft *Elyſian* Shades,
And Bowers of kind Repoſe,
Where never any Storm invades,
Nor Tempeſt ever blows.
There in cool Streams, and ſhady Woods,
I'll ſport the Time away;
Or, ſwimming down the cryſtal Floods,
Among young Halcyons play.

Then pr'ythee ceaſe, or tell me why
I have ſuch Cauſe to grieve;
Since it's a Happineſs to die,
And it's a Pain to live.

For the FLUTE.



BONNY *JEAN.*

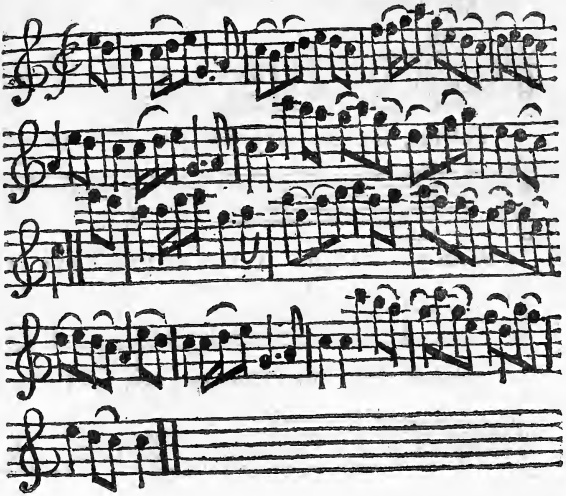

Love's Goddeſs in a Myrtle Grove, Said,
Cupid, bend thy Bow with Speed; Nor let the
Shaft at random rove, For *Jeany*'s haughty
Heart muſt bleed. The ſmiling Boy, with divine
Art, From *Paphos* ſhot an Arrow keen; Which
flew unerring to the Heart, And kill'd the
Pride of bonny *Jean*.

No more the Nymph, with haughty Air,
Refuſes *Willie*'s kind Addreſs;
Her yielding Bluſhes ſhew no Care,
But too much Fondneſs to ſuppreſs.
No more the Youth is ſullen now,
But looks the gayeſt on the Green,
Whilſt ev'ry Day he ſpies ſome new
Surprizing Charms in bonny *Jean*.

A thouſand Tranſports crowd his Breaſt,
He moves as light as fleeting Wind;
His former Sorrows ſeem a Jeſt,
Now when his *Jeanie* is turn'd kind:
Riches he looks on with Diſdain,
The glorious Fields of War look mean;
The chearful Hound and Horn give Pain,
If abſent from his bonny *Jean*.

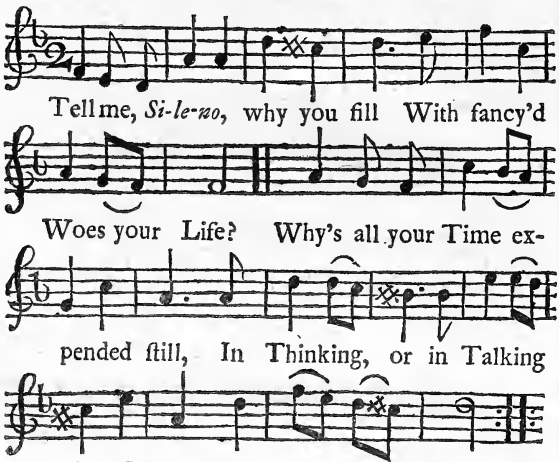
The Day he ſpends in am'rous Gaze,
Which e'en in Summer ſhorten'd ſeems;
When ſunk in Downs with glad Amaze,
He wonders at her in his Dreams.
All Charms diſclos'd, ſhe looks more bright
Than old *Troy*'s Prize, the *Spartan* Queen;
With breaking Day he lifts his Sight,
And pants to be with bonny *Jean*.

For the FLUTE.



To a JEALOUS HUSBAND.

By Mr. CONCANEN. Set by Mr. GALLIARD.

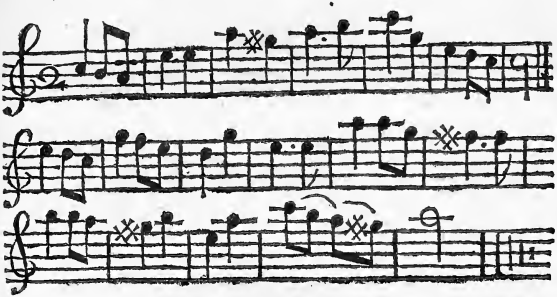


For, faith, I can't ſee to what End
You keep her up ſo cloſe;
Nor how you cou'd your ſelf offend,
That like a Snail, my gloomy Friend,
You never leave your Houſe.

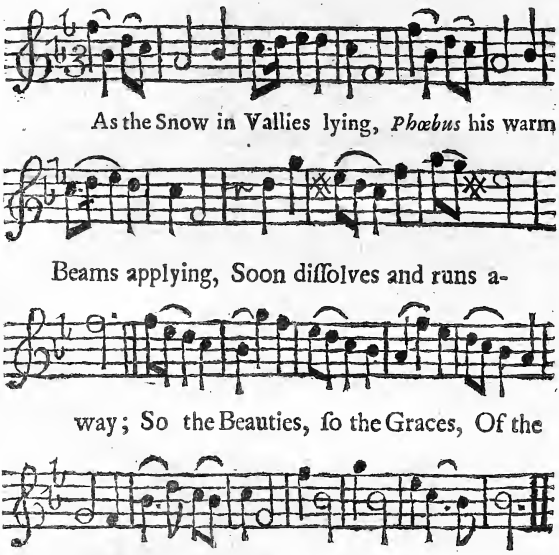
Ah! Were ſhe but advis'd by me,
Her many Taunts and Scorns
With Int'reſt ſhou'd refunded be,
She'd make a perfect Snail of thee,
By decking thee with Horns.

For

For the FLUTE.



ADVICE *to the* LADIES.



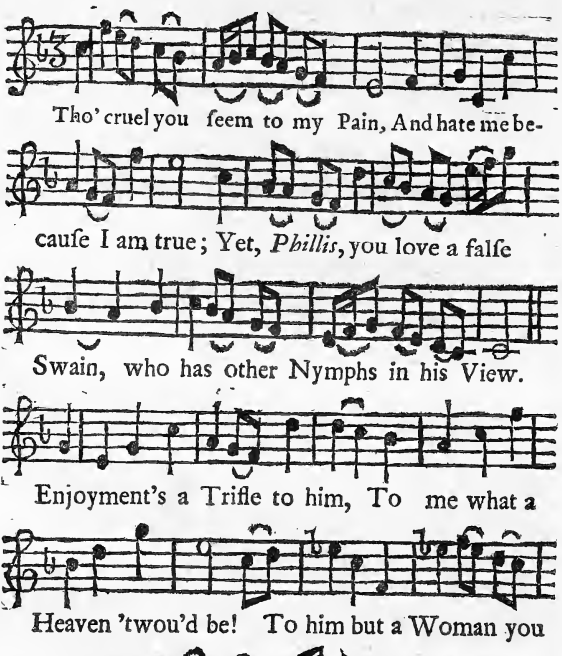
As a Tyrant, when degraded,
Is deſpis'd, and is upbraided,
By the Slaves he once controul'd;
So the Nymph, if none cou'd move her,
Is contemn'd by ev'ry Lover,
When her Charms are growing old.

Me-

Melancholick Looks, and Whining,
Grieving, Quarrelling, and Pining,
  Are th' Effects your Rigours move;
Soft Careſſes, amorous Glances,
Melting Sighs, tranſporting Trances,
  Are the bleſt Effects of Love.

Fair Ones, while your Beauty's blooming,
Uſe your Time; leſt Age reſuming
  What your Youth profuſely lends,
You are robb'd of all your Glories,
And condemn'd to tell old Stories
  To your unbelieving Friends.

Set by Mr. *CARY.*



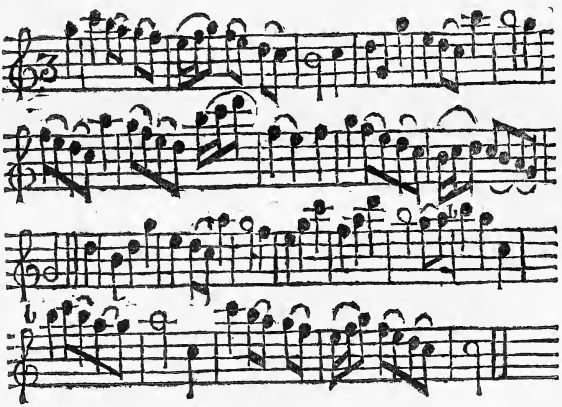
Thoſe Lips which he touches in haſte,
To them I for ever cou'd grow;
Still clinging around that dear Waſte,
Which he ſpans as beſides you he'll go.

That

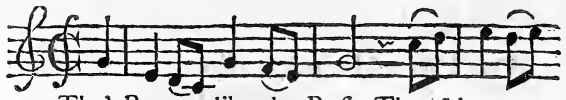
That Hand, like a Lilly ſo white,
Which over his Shoulders you lay;
My Boſom cou'd warm it all Night,
My Lips they cou'd preſs it all Day.

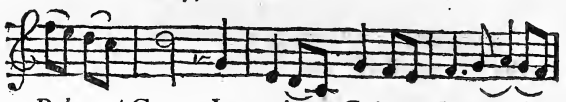
Were I like a Monarch to reign,
Were Graces my Subjects to be,
I'd leave them, and fly to the Plain,
To dwell in a Cottage with thee.
But if I muſt feel your Diſdain,
If Tears cannot Cruelty drown;
Oh! let me not live in this Pain,
But give me my Death in a Frown.

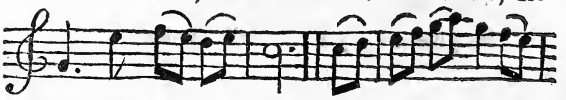
For the FLUTE.

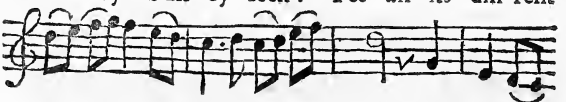


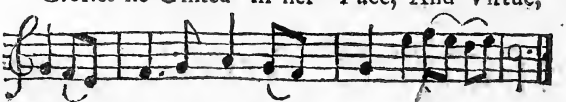
The DESCRIPTION.









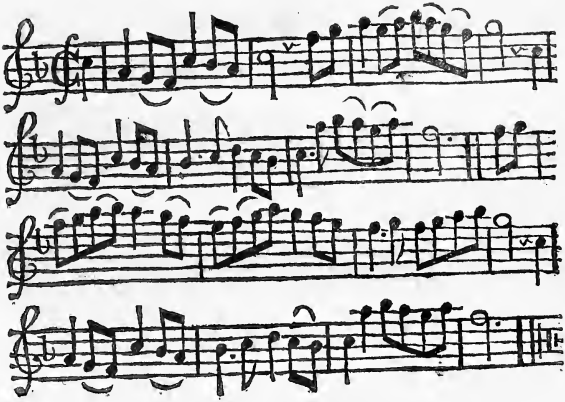


So charming is her Air,
So ſmooth, ſo calm her Mind,
That to ſome Angel's Care
Each Moment ſeems aſſign'd:
But yet ſo careful, ſprightly, gay,
The joyful Moments fly;
As if for Wings they ſtole the Ray,
She darteth from her Eye.

Kind

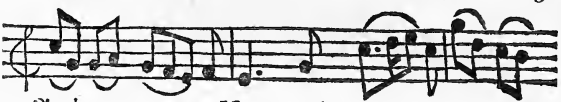
Kind am'rous *Cupids*, while
With tuneful Voice ſhe ſings,
Perfume her Breath, and ſmile,
And wave their balmy Wings:
But as the tender Bluſhes riſe,
Soft Innocence doth warm;
The Soul in bliſsful Ecſtaſies
Diſſolveth in the Charm.

For the FLUTE.

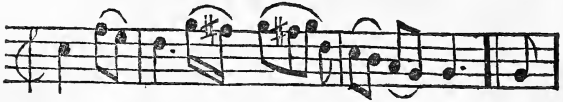


The DECEIVER.

With tuneful Pipe, and merry Glee, Young



Jockey won my Heart; A blyther Loon you

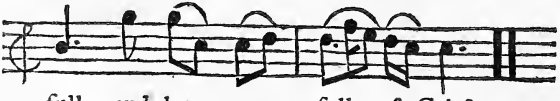


ne'er did ſee, All Beauty without Art: His

ſoothing Tale did ſoon prevail To gain my

fond Belief; But now the Swain roves o'er the

Plain, And leaves me full, and leaves me



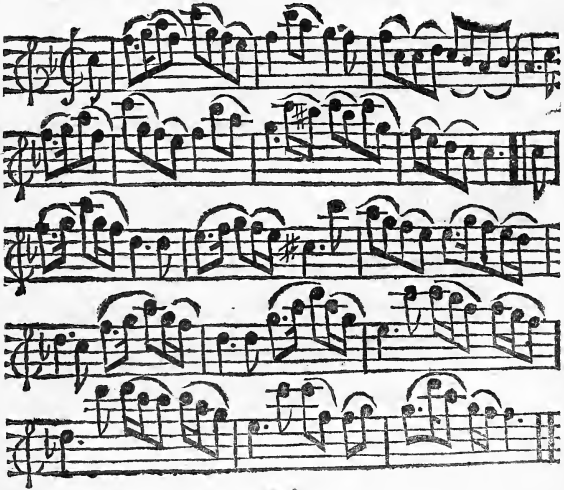
full, and leaves me full of Grief.

Young

Young *Jemmy* courts with artful Song,
But few regard his Moan;
The Laſſes about *Jockey* throng,
And *Jemmy*'s left alone.
In *Aberdeen* ſure ne'er was ſeen
A Loon that gave ſuch Pain;
He daily wooes, and ſtill purſues,
'Till he does all obtain.

But ſoon as he hath gain'd the Bliſs,
Away the Loon does run,
And hardly will afford a Kiſs
To ſilly me undone.
Bonny *Molly*, *Moggy*, *Dolly*,
Avoid my roving Swain;
His wily Tongue, beſure, you ſhun,
Leſt you like me complain.

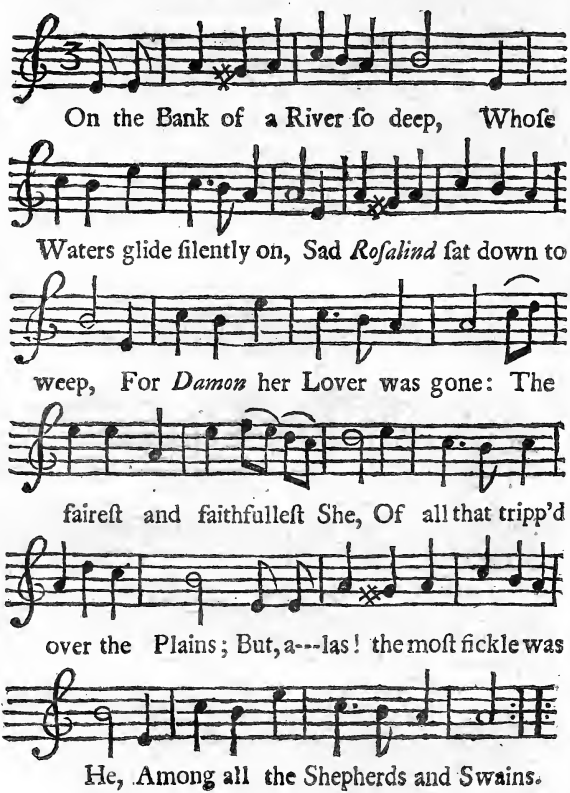
For the FLUTE.



ROSALIND's COMPLAINT.

By Mr. *BAKER.*

To the Tune of Grim King of the Ghosts.



Down

Down each Cheek ran her Tears in a Stream:
All his Vows are forgotten! ſhe cries;
Regarded no more than a Dream,
Tho' for Him his fond Shepherdeſs dies:
He's gone, the falſe Creature is gone,
To deceive ſome freſh Nymph o' the Plain,
Whoſe Fate will, like mine, be to moan
The Loſs of a perjured Swain.

Beware, you bright Maidens! beware,
If my treacherous Shepherd you meet;
For, alas! he's bewitchingly fair;
When he ſpeaks, there's no Muſick ſo ſweet:
As the Spring he is blooming and gay,
As the Summer delightſome and kind;
But believe not one Word he can ſay,
For he's falſe as the wavering Wind.

Fooliſh Maid! whilſt I thought he was true,
I ſent up no Look to the Skies;
All the Sunſhine or Gloom that I knew,
Was the Gloom or the Shine of his Eyes.
He alone was my Joy and my Care,
I wiſh'd for no Heaven above;
No Sorrow, no Pain, could I fear;
No Hell, but the Loſs of his Love.

How fondly endearing was He,
'Till I granted whate'er he deſir'd?
But, you Virgins! take Warning by me,
For his Flame from that Moment expir'd.

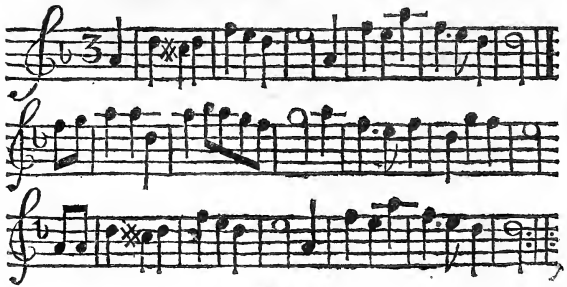
Now

Now I ne'er ſhall embrace him again,
He, ungrateful, is flown from my Arms,
Far away o'er the flowery Plain,
And deſpiſes theſe ſullyed Charms.

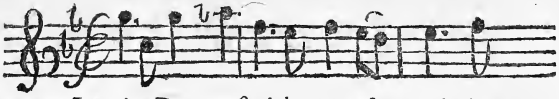
Sure the Gods have ſome Vengeance in Store,
For the Breach of thoſe Vows which he made;
Tho' by him they're remember'd no more
Than the Wretch who by them was betray'd.
But forgive him, you Powers above!
Tho' he's falſe, bring no Harm on his Head;
But crown him with Beauty and Love,
Long after poor *Roſalind*'s dead.

Thus ſhe mourn'd: What a Scene all around!
The Birds flag their Wings at her Sighs,
The Valleys her Sorrows reſound,
And the Stream ſhews her blubbered Eyes:
All Nature takes Part in her Woe,
A black Cloud o'er the Heaven is ſpread,
The Winds have forgotten to blow,
And the Willows bend over her Head.

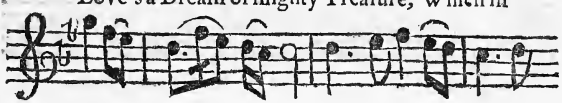
For the FLUTE.



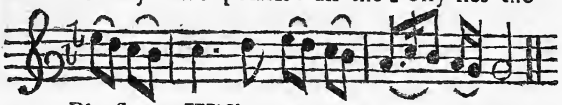
The ILLUSION.



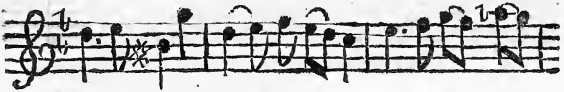
Love's a Dream of mighty Treaſure, Which in



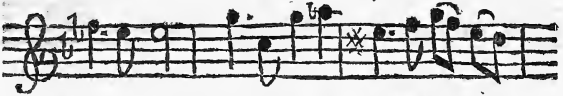
Fancy we poſſeſs: In the Folly lies the



Pleaſure; Wiſdom always makes it leſs.



When we think, by Paſſion heated, We a Goddeſs

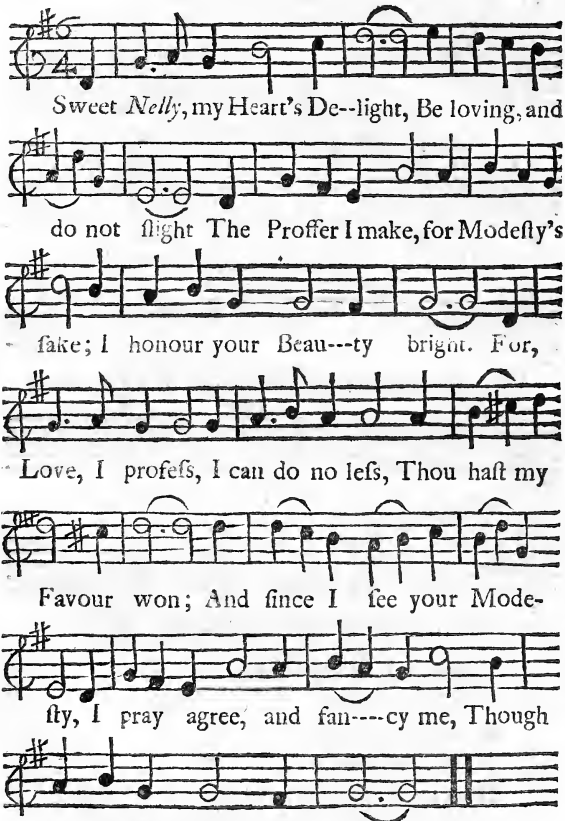


have in Chace; Like *Ix-i-on*, we are cheated,

And a gaudy Cloud embrace.

Happy only is the Lover,
Whom his Miſtreſs well deceives;
Seeking nothing to diſcover,
He contented lives at Eaſe.
But the Wretch that would be knowing
What the Fair One would diſguiſe,
Labours for his own Undoing;
Changing Happy, to be Wiſe.

The FARMER's SON.



No,

No: I am a Lady gay;
'Tis very well known, I may
Have Men of Renown, in Country or Town:
So, Roger, *without delay,*
Court Bridget, *or* Sue, Kate, Nancy, *or* Prue,
Their Loves will ſoon be won;
But don't you dare to ſpeak me fair,
As if I were at my laſt Prayer,
To marry a Farmer's Son.

My Father has Riches Store,
Two Hundred a Year, and more;
Beſide Sheep and Cows, Carts, Harrows and Plows;
His Age is above Three-ſcore:
And when he does die, then merrily I
Shall have what he has won;
Both Land, and Kine, all ſhall be thine,
If thou'lt incline, and wilt be mine,
And marry a Farmer's Son.

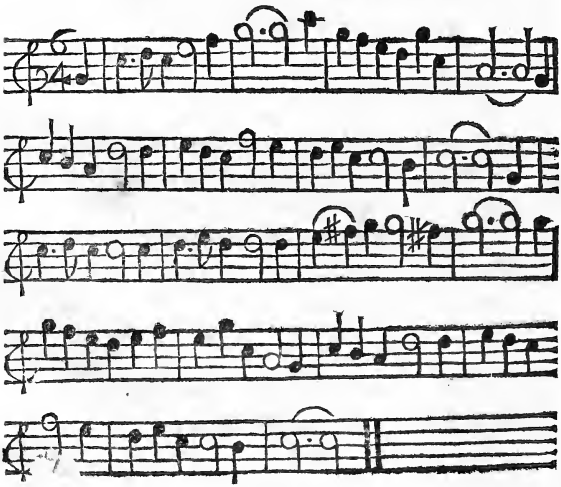
A Fig for your Cattle, and Corn,
Your proffer'd Love I ſcorn;
'Tis known very well, my Name it is Nell,
And you're but a Bumpkin born.
Well, ſince it is ſo, away I will go,
And I hope no Harm is done;
Farewel; adieu: I hope to wooe
As good as you, and win her too,
Though I'm but a Farmer's Son.

Be not in ſuch Haſte, quoth ſhe,
Perhaps we may ſtill agree;

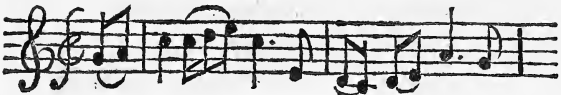
For, Man, I proteſt, I was but in Jeſt;
Come, pr'ythee ſit down by me,
For thou art the Man, that verily can
Perform what muſt be done;
Both ſtrait, and tall, genteel withal,
Therefore I ſhall be at your Call,
To marry a Farmer's Son.

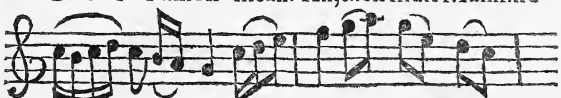
Dear Lady, believe me now,
I ſolemnly ſwear, and vow,
No Lords in their Lives take Pleaſure in Wives,
Like Fellows that drive the Plow;
For whate'er they gain, with Labour and Pain,
They don't to Harlots run,
As Courtiers do. I never knew
A *London* Beau, that could outdo
A Country Farmer's Son.

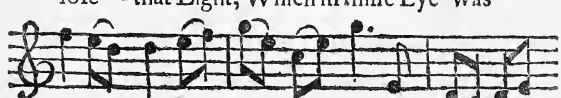
For the FLUTE.

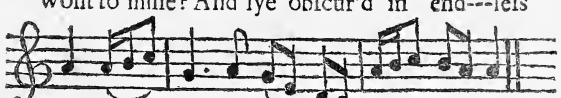


To a Lady, who was disgusted at some Words of the AUTHOR's.







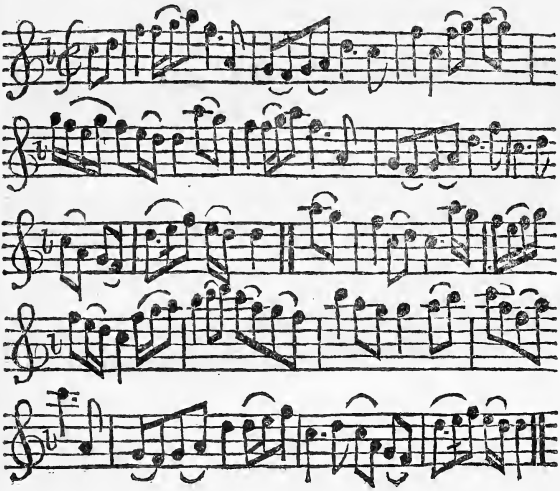


Dear Child, how can I wrong thy Name,
Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all Hands,
That could ill Tongues abuſe thy Fame,
Thy Beauty can make large Amends?
Or if I durſt prophanely try
Thy Beauty's pow'rful Charms t' upbraid;
Thy Virtue well might give the Lie,
Nor call thy Beauty to its Aid.

For *Venus*, ev'ry Heart t' enſnare,
With all her Charms has deckt thy Face;
And *Pallas*, with unuſual Care,
Bids Wiſdom heighten ev'ry Grace.
Who can the double Pain endure?
Or who muſt not reſign the Field
To thee, Celeſtial Maid, ſecure
With *Cupid*'s Bow, and *Pallas*' Shield?

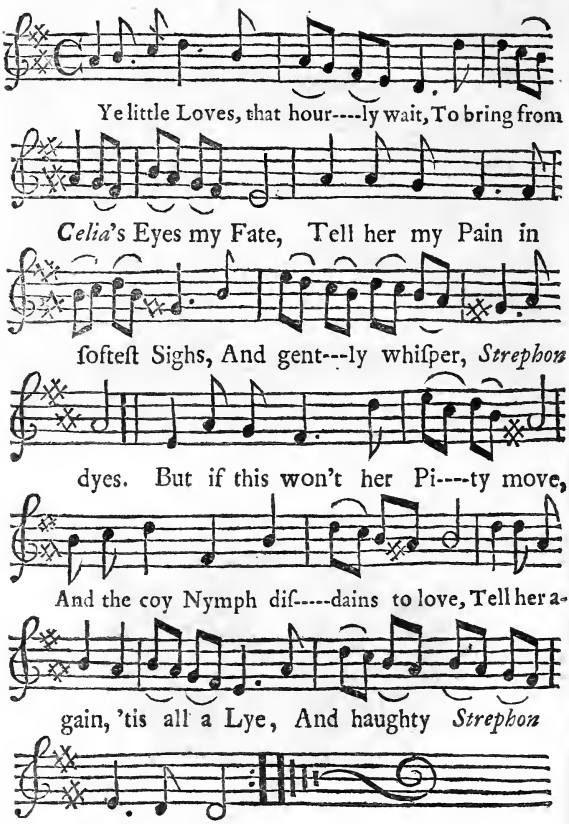
If then to thee ſuch Power is given,
Let not a Wretch in Torment live;
But ſmile, and learn to copy Heav'n,
Since we muſt ſin, ere it forgive.
Yet pitying Heav'n not only does
Forgive th' Offender and th' Offence,
But e'en Itſelf appeas'd beſtows
As the Reward of Penitence.

For the FLUTE.

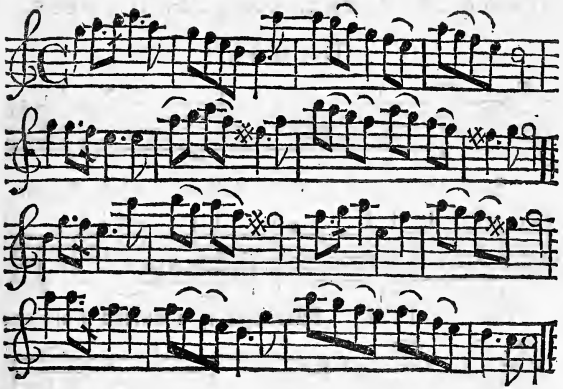


The LOVER'S MESSAGE.

Set by Mr. *GALLIARD.*



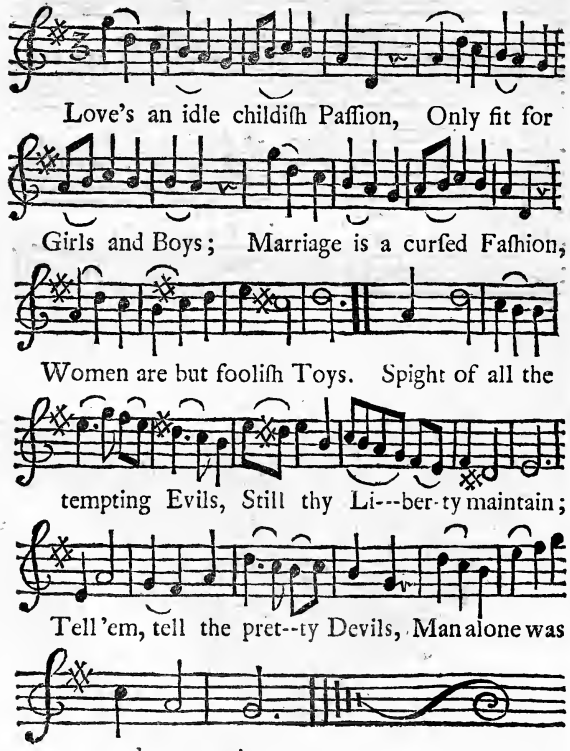
For the FLUTE.



DAMON and CLOE.

Words by Mr. BAKER. *Set by Mr.* BURGESS.

DAMON.

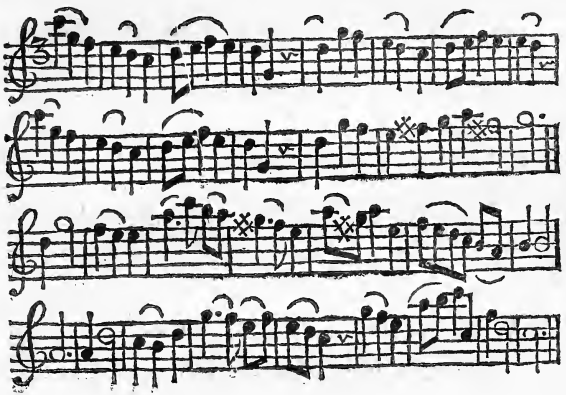


CLOE.

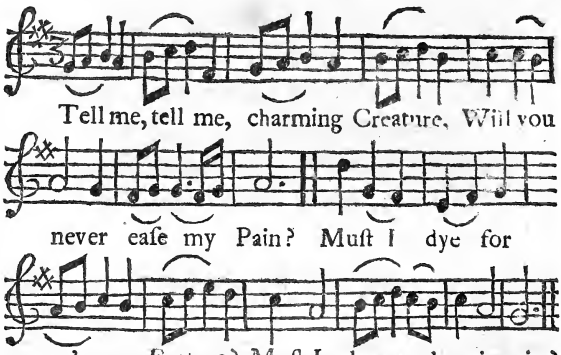
CLOE.

Empty Boaſter! know thy Duty,
Thou, who dar'ſt my Pow'r defy;
Feel the Force of Love and Beauty;
Tremble at my Feet, and die.
Wherefore does thy Colour leave Thee?
Why theſe Cares upon thy Brow?
Did the Rebel Pride deceive Thee?
Ask him, who's the Monarch now.

For the FLUTE.



The LOVER's REQUEST.



The Deſire of Admiration,
  Is the Pleaſure you purſue;
Pr'ythee try a laſting Paſſion;
  Such a Love as mine for you.

Tears and Sighing cou'd not move you;
  For a Lover ought to dare:
When I plainly told I lov'd you,
  Then you ſaid I went too far.

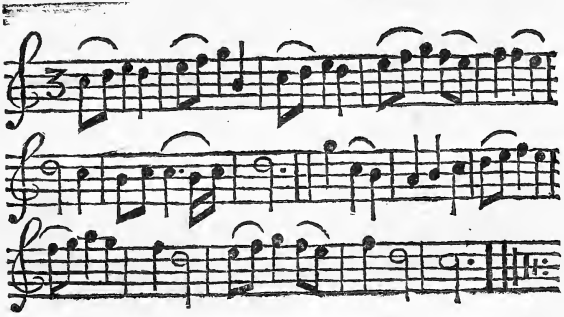
Are ſuch giddy Ways beſeeming?
  Will my Dear be fickle ſtill?
Conqueſt is the Joy of Women;
  Let their Slaves be what they will.

Your

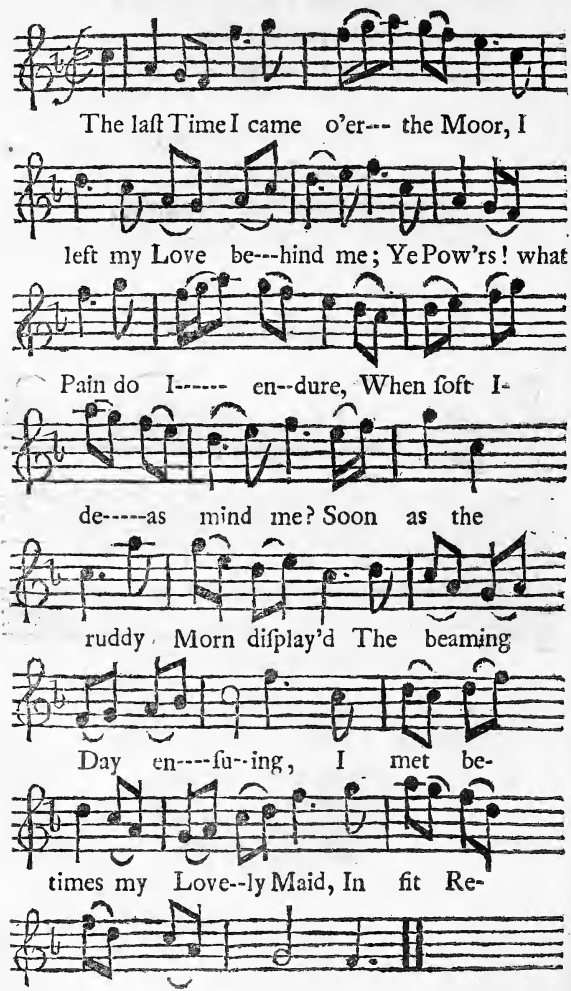
Your Neglect with Torment fills me,
And my desperate Thoughts increase;
Pray consider, if you kill me,
You will have a Lover less.

If your wand'ring Heart is beating
For new Lovers, let it be:
But, when you have done Coquetting,
Name a Day, and fix on me.

For the FLUTE.



The FAITHFUL LOVER.



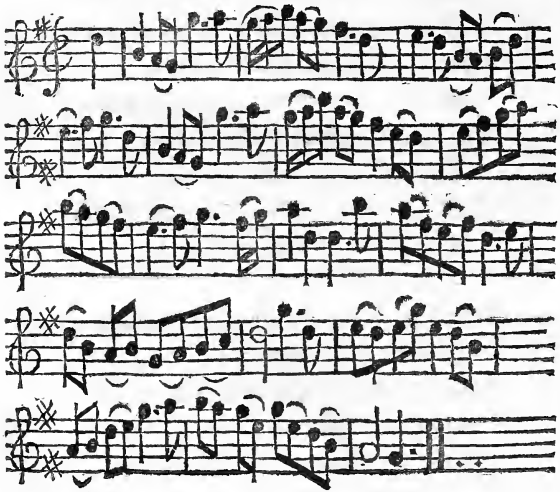
Beneath the cooling Shade we lay,
Gazing, and chaſtly ſporting;
We kiſs'd, and promis'd Time away,
'Till Night ſpread her black Curtain.
I pity'd all beneath the Skies,
Ev'n Kings, when ſhe was nigh me:
In Raptures I beheld her Eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where Cannons roar,
Where mortal Steel may wound me;
Or caſt upon ſome foreign Shore,
Where Dangers may ſurround me:
Yet Hopes again to ſee my Love,
To feaſt on glowing Kiſſes,
Shall make my Cares at Diſtance move,
In Proſpect of ſuch Bliſſes.

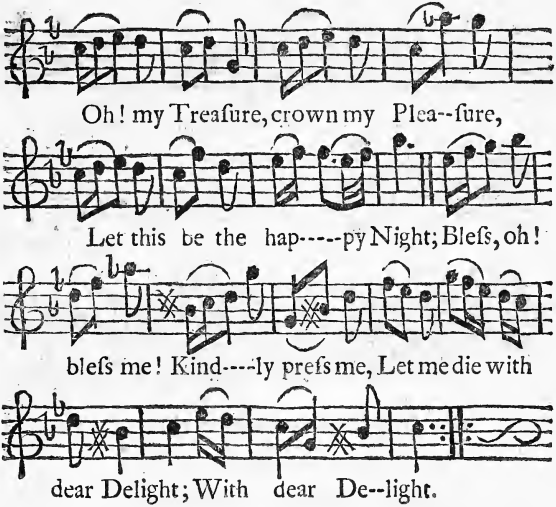
In all my Soul, there's not one Place
To let a Rival enter;
Since ſhe excels in ev'ry Grace,
In her my Love ſhall center.
Sooner the Seas ſhall ceaſe to flow,
Their Waves the *Alps* ſhall cover,
On *Greenland* Ice ſhall Roſes grow,
Before I ceaſe to love her.

The next Time I go o'er the Moor,
She ſhall a Lover find me;
And that my Faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me:
Then *Hymen*'s ſacred Bonds ſhall chain
My Heart to her fair Boſom;
There, while my Being does remain,
My Love more freſh ſhall bloſſom.

For the FLUTE.

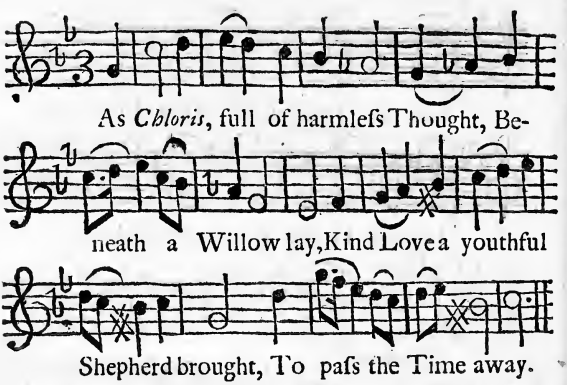


The BLISS.



Leave this Trembling,
And Diſſembling,
Lay aſide all Female Art;
Love's ſoft Pleaſure,
Beyond meaſure,
Will attone for all its Smart;
For all its Smart.

The LUCKY MINUTE.



She bluſh'd to be encounter'd ſo,
And chid the am'rous Swain;
But, as ſhe ſtrove to riſe and go,
He pull'd her down again.

A ſudden Paſſion ſeiz'd her Heart,
In ſpite of her Diſdain;
She felt a Pulſe in ev'ry Part,
And Love in ev'ry Vein.

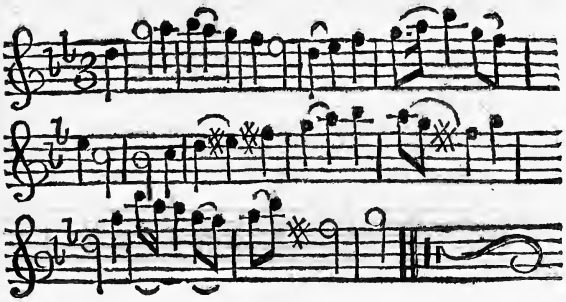
Oh Youth! ſaid ſhe, what Charms are theſe,
That conquer and ſurprize?
Oh! let me——for, unleſs you pleaſe,
I have no Pow'r to riſe.

She

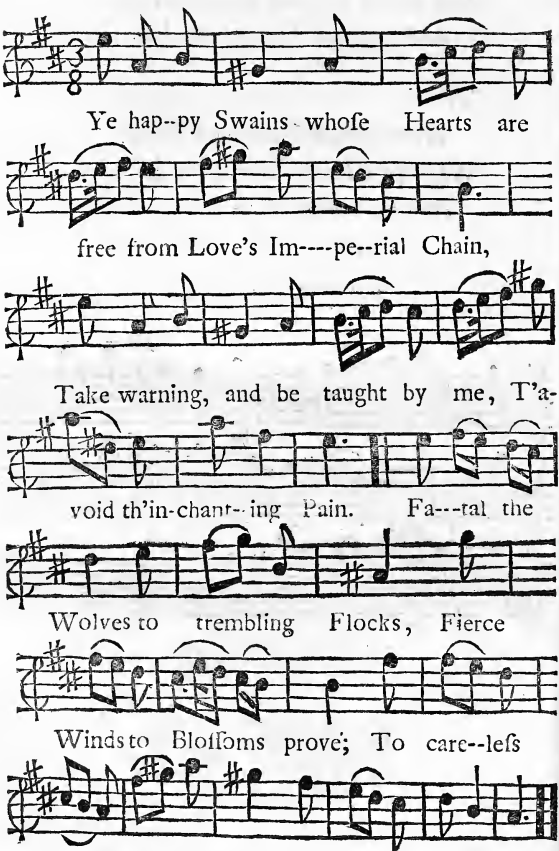
She fainting ſpoke, and trembling lay,
For fear he ſhou'd comply;
Her lovely Eyes her Heart betray,
And gave her Tongue the Lie.

Thus ſhe, who Princes had deny'd,
With all their Pomp and Train,
Was in the lucky Minute try'd,
And yielded to the Swain.

For the FLUTE.



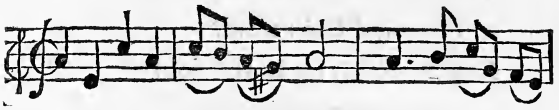
Set by Mr. *GREENE.*



Fly

Fly the fair Sex, if Bliſs you prize;
The Snake's beneath the Flower:
Who ever gaz'd on beaute'ous Eyes,
That taſted Quiet more?
How faithleſs is the Lovers Joy!
How conſtant is their Care!
The Kind with Falſhood do deſtroy,
The Cruel with Deſpair.

IRIS's CAUTION.



I--ris, on a Bank of Thyme, With a Sigh, and

weep---ing Eye, Said to love---ly *Celamine*,

Let not Men your Heart ſur----prize,

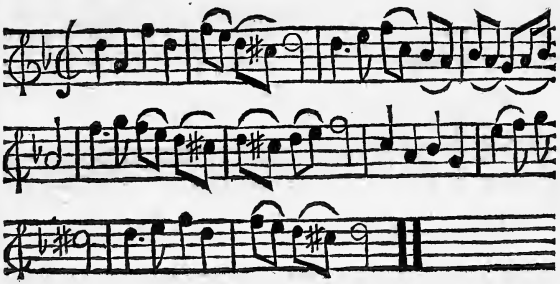
Men are all com---pos'd of Lies.

Tho' a thouſand Oaths they ſwear,
And as many Vows repeat;
All they ſwear, is common Air,
All they promiſe, but Deceit;
Man was never conſtant yet.

Wiſely

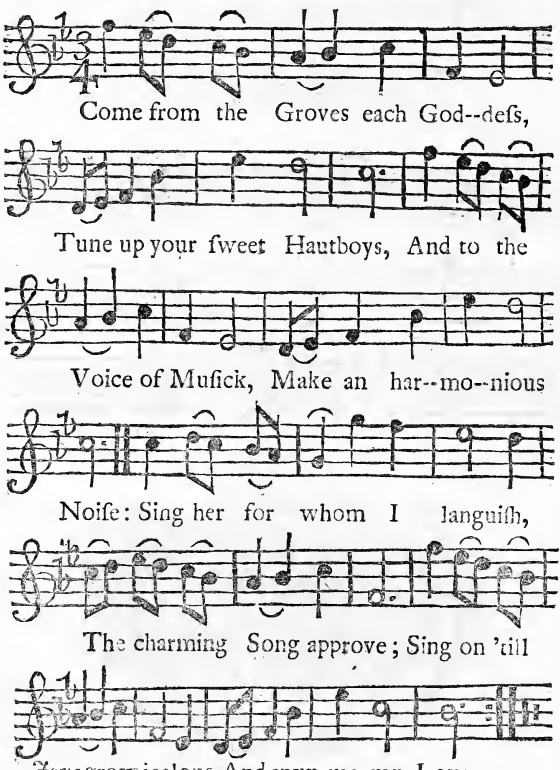
Wiſely then preſerve your Heart
From the Tyranny of Fate;
For only They can act their Part,
When Love has its Return of Fate;
Then Repentance comes too late.

For the FLUTE.



The Words from a French *Author.*

Set by Mr. CAREY.

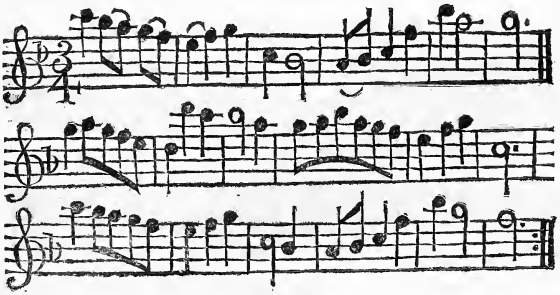


Flora,

Flora, thou charming Goddeſs,
In all thy Bloom appear;
Put on again freſh Garlands,
Begin once more the Year.
Joyn thy ſelf to *Pomona*,
With Flow'rs adorn the Ground;
Let Spring remain for ever,
With Youth and Beauty crown'd.

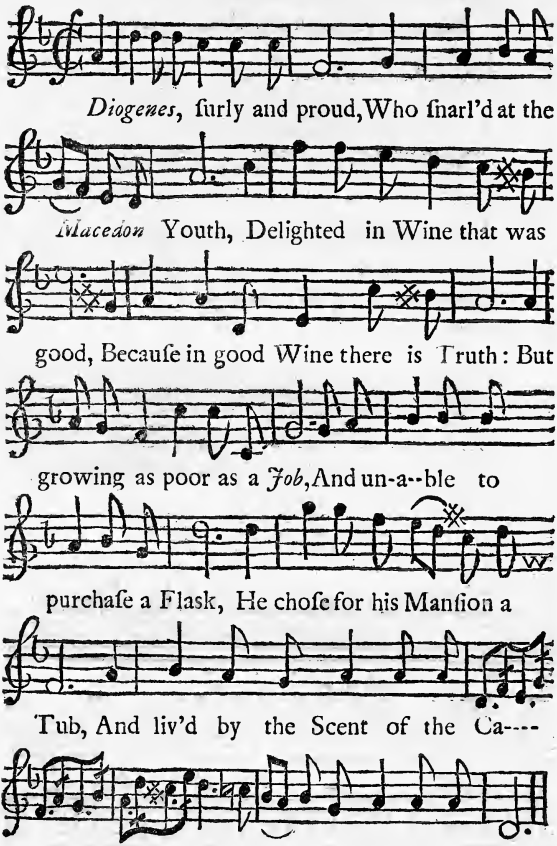
Let little Birds through Meadows
All tune their warbling Throats,
While bubbling Waters echo
The Muſick of their Notes.
Sing Her, for whom I languiſh,
The charming Song approve;
Sing on, 'till *Jove* grow jealous,
And envy me my Love.

For the FLUTE.



The TIPPLING PHILOSOPHERS.

Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.



Hera-

HERACLITUS wou'd never deny
A Bumper, to cheriſh his Heart;
And when he was maudlin, wou'd cry,
Becauſe he had empty'd his Quart:
Tho' ſome were ſo fooliſh to think,
He wept at Men's Folly and Vice;
When 'twas only his Cuſtom to drink,
'Till the Liquor run out at his Eyes:
The Li----quor, the Liquor run out at his Eyes.

DEMOCRITUS always was glad
To tipple and cheriſh his Soul;
Wou'd laugh like a Man that was mad,
When over a jolly full Bowl:
While his Cellar with Wine was well ſtor'd,
His Liquor wou'd merrily quaff;
And when he was drunk as a Lord,
At thoſe that were ſober he'd la---ugh:
At thoſe that are ſober he'd laugh.

COPERNICUS too, like the reſt,
Believ'd there was Wiſdom in Wine;
And knew that a Cup of the beſt
Made Reaſon the brighter to ſhine:

With

With Wine he repleniſh'd his Veins,
And made his Philoſophy reel;
Then fancy'd the World, as his Brains,
Turn'd round like a Chariot Wheel:
Turn'd rou----nd, turn'd round like a Chariot Wheel.

ARISTOTLE, that Maſter of Arts,
Had been but a Dunce without Wine;
For what we aſcribe to his Parts,
Is due to the Juice of the Vine:
His Belly, ſome Authors agree,
Was as big as a Watering-trough;
He therefore leap'd into the Sea,
Becauſe he'd have Liquor enough:
He'd have Li---quor, becauſe he'd have Liquor enough.

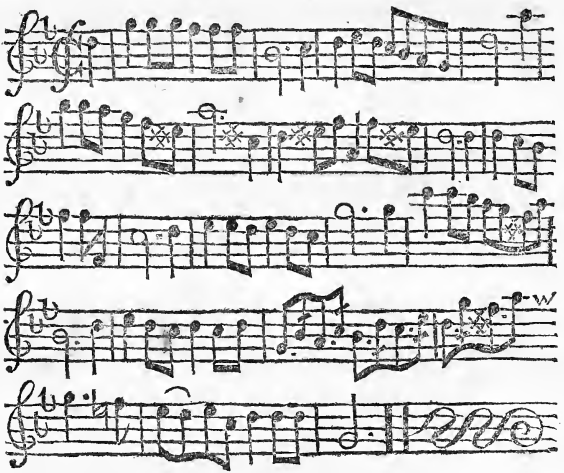
When *PYRRHO* had taken a Glaſs,
He ſaw that no Object appear'd
Exactly the ſame as it was,
Before he had liquor'd his Beard;
For things running round in his Drink,
Which ſober he motionleſs found,
Occaſion'd the Sceptick to think
There was nothing of Truth to be fou---nd.
There was nothing of Truth to be found.

Old

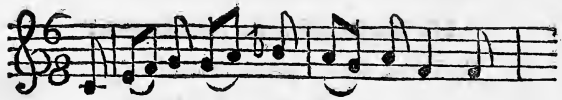
Old *PLATO* was reckon'd divine,
Who wiſely to Virtue was prone;
But had it not been for good Wine,
His Merits had never been known:
By Wine we are generous made,
It furniſhes Fancy with Wings;
Without it we ne'er ſhould have had
Philoſophers, Poets, or Kings.

We ne'----er ſhould have had Philoſophers, Poets, or Kings.

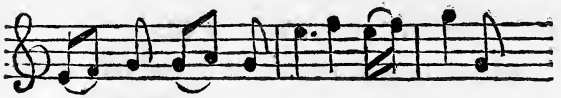
For the FLUTE.



BESSY BELL *and* MARY GRAY.

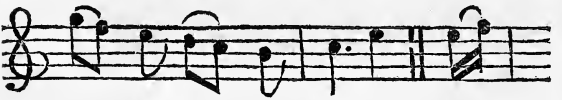


O *Beſ--ſy Bell* and *Ma-ry Gray*, They

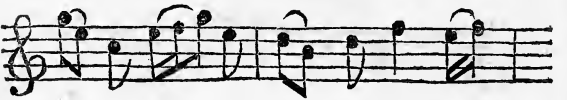


are twa bon--ny Laſſes, They bigg'd a

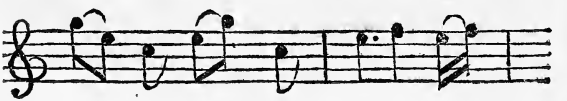
Bower on yon Burn-brae, And



theek'd it o'er wi' Raſhes. Fair

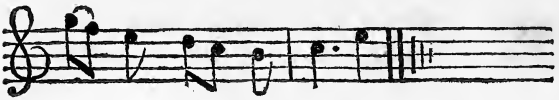


Beſſy Bell I loo'd Yeſtreen, And



thought I ne'er cou'd alter; But

Mary Gray's twa pawky Een They



gar my Fan----cy falter.

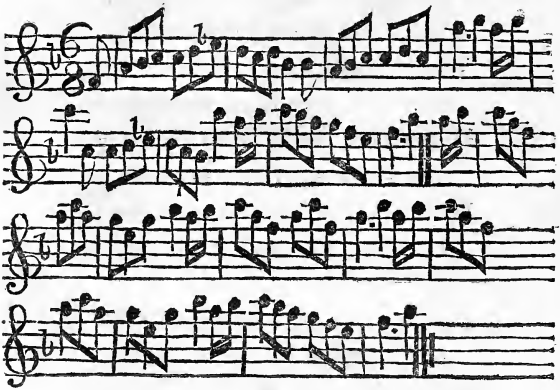
Now *Beſſy*'s Hair's like a Lint-tap,
She ſmiles like a *May* Morning,
When *Phœbus* ſtarts fro' *Thetis*' Lap,
The Hills with Rays adorning:
White is her Neck, ſaft is her Hand,
Her Waſte and Feet's fou genty,
With ilka Grace ſhe can command,
Her Lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And *Mary*'s Locks are like a Craw,
Her Eyes like Diamonds glances,
She's ay ſae clean, redd-up and braw,
She kills whene'er ſhe dances:
Blyth as a Kid, with Wit at Will,
She blooming, tight and tall is;
And guides her Airs ſae graceſu' ſtill,
O *Jove!* ſhe's like thy *Pallas*.

Dear

Dear *Beſſy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
Ye unco fair oppreſs us:
Our Fancies jee between you twa,
Ye are ſic bonny Laſſes:
Wae's me! for baith I canna get,
To ane by Law we're ſtented;
Then I'll draw Cuts, and take my Fate,
And be with ane contented.

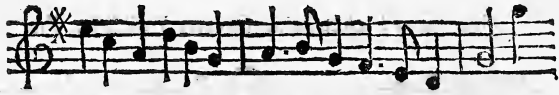
For the FLUTE.



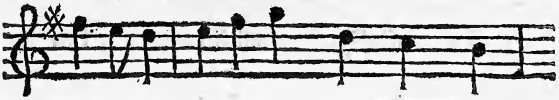
The BATH MEDLEY.

By TONY ASTON.

The Spring's a coming, all Nature is blooming, Each



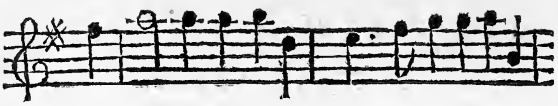
amorous Lover does Vigour re-co-ver, The Birds are



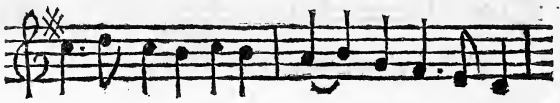
ſinging, and Flowers are ſpringing; Here's

Toys to be raffled for, who makes One?

Bliſs paſt Compariſons, at Mr. *Harriſon*'s;
Dice are ratt'ling, Beaus are pratt'ling,
Ladies walking, and wittily talking;
Madam, the Medley is juſt begun.



Here's half a Guinea to hear *Nicolini*: Pray



give me a Ticket. Main Seven; I nick it. I'm

go'ing to *Lindſey*, Spa--dil-lio wins ye, I'm

Beaſted, by *Jericho*, quite undone.

Bells are jangling, Chair-men rangling,
Cudgelling, Thumping, and Bathing, and Pumping:
The Toil of the Morning, is Dreſſing, Adorning;
Then hey for the Green, where the Laſſes run.

Pray

[*To the First Part of the Tune.*]

Pray, Madam, beſpeak, or the Play-houſe muſt break;
We've had a bad Seaſon, and hope, for that Reaſon,
You won't ſee Three, 'fore a whole Company,
Who can act you to Sleep, though you had the Gout.
We'll ſtrut you *Cato*, or Speeches of *Plato*;
Farce, Comedy, Paſtoral, we can maſter all;
Like Sir *Martin*, we rattle each Part in,
And never leave 'till the Speech is out.

[*To the Second Part of the Tune.*]

Pray let's wheedle you; damn the Medley;
Would ſomebody'd poiſon him, we'll raiſe Lies on him.
Pit, Box, and Gallery 's better than Raillery;
We're pretty Gentlemen, he's a Lout.
Thus they teize you, and ne'er can pleaſe you
With Actions improper, ſo huff it in Copper,
Theſe Sons of the Garret, that prattle like Parrot,
And ſcatter their Calumny all about.

[*To the First Part of the Tune.*]

Here's *Punch* ſhows at Five, and here's Craw-fiſh alive,
Some Eaſtward, ſome Northward, walk backward and for-
Whilſt others ſo ſtingy, Penny-pot it with *Bingey*, [ward;
And Hey for the Race upon *Clarten* Down;
Or *Lanſdown* airing, and hear Footmen ſwearing;
Ingeniouſly waiting, to ſee Badger-baiting;
Dancing, Dangling, Prancing, Angling,
Each as the Maggot takes his Crown.

[*To the Second Part of the Tune.*]

Some are Bowling, or hear Eunuchs howling:
Some Subſcribing, or *Briſtol* Milk bibing.
We've had many ſit at my Son's Benefit,
And be pleas'd to put in for an *Indian* Gown.
Who'll play at Billiards, as fair as at Stillyards?
Here's two *Eſſex* Calves, Sir; come, I'll go your Halves Sir:
And then they hole 'em, and pill, and poll 'em.
And theſe are the Ways of the Bathing Town.

[*To the Firſt Part of the Tune.*]

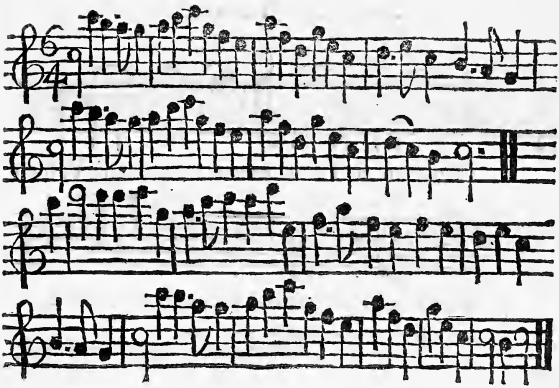
All ſorts of Conditions, Cits, Lawyers, Phyſicians;
Both Good ones, and Bad ones, and Sober and Sad ones;
Some to ſee their old Friends, and for various Ends,
All galloping hither twice a Year.
Here's King *Edgar*, and *Coel*; and Puppet-Show *Powel*,
Three Perſons ſo great, are now quite out of Date.
Mark the Changes of Things, from Puppets to Kings,
And what may be one Day the *Medley*'s Fare.

[*To the Second Part of the Tune.*]

Up, up to the Ball, and there you may call
A Dance by Authority, Parſon on *Dorothy*,
Richmond-Wells, or the *Iriſh* Bells,
And friſk it about with the Ladies there.
Then to the *Three Tuns*, the *Queen's Head* or the *Rummer*;
Adieu ye Fair Ones, 'till *Tunbridge* at Summer.
Pray, Maſters, away, for the Coach cannot ſtay;
And you're welcome, Gentlemen, to the *Bear*.

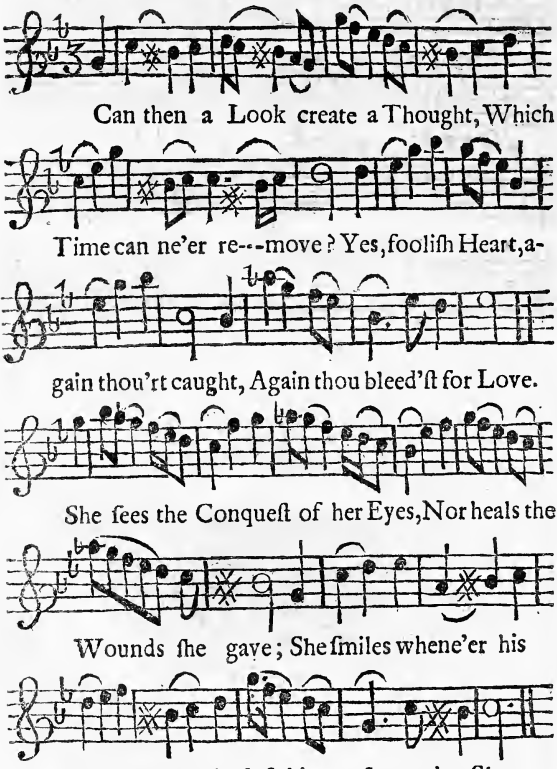
For

For the FLUTE.

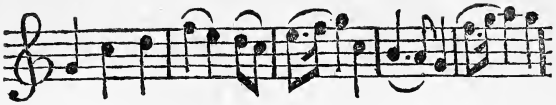


The Words by Mr. *BOOTH.*

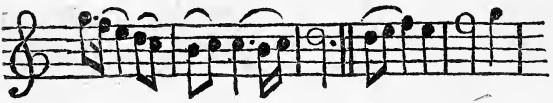
Set by Mr. TENOE.



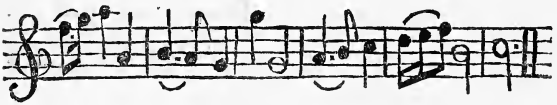
Then



Then Swain be bold, and ſtill a---dore her, Still her



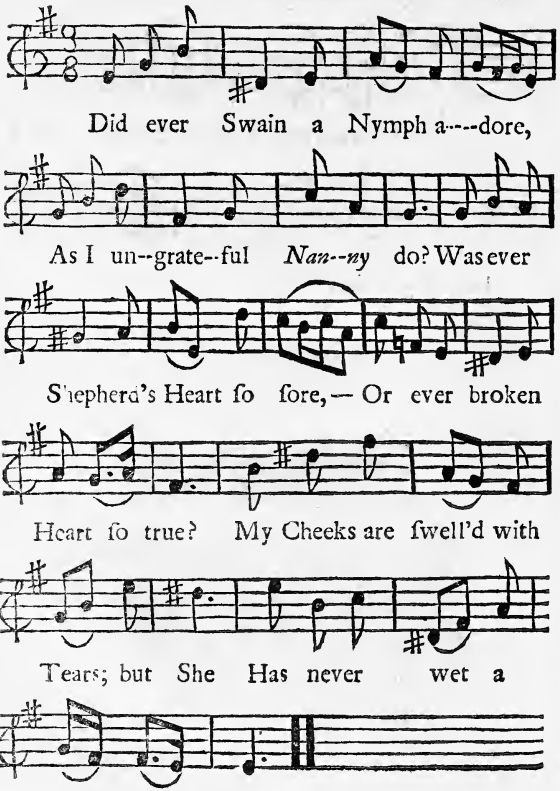
fly--ing Charms pur--ſue; Love and Friendſhip



both implore her, Pleading Night and Day for you.

ROBIN's COMPLAINT.

Set by Mr. GREEN.



If

If *Nanny* call'd, did e'er I ſtay?
Or linger, when ſhe bid me run?
She only had the Word to ſay,
And all She wiſh'd was quickly done.
I always think of her; but She
Does ne'er beſtow a Thought on me.

To let her Cows my Clover taſte,
Have I not roſe by Break of Day?
Did ever *Nanny*'s Heifers faſt,
If *Robin* in his Barn had Hay?
Tho' to my Fields they welcome were,
I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

If ever *Nanny* loſt a Sheep,
I cheerfully did give her two;
And I her Lambs did ſafely keep,
Within my Folds in Froſt and Snow:
Have they not there from Cold been free?
But *Nanny* ſtill is cold to me.

When *Nanny* to the Well did come,
'Twas I that did her Pitchers fill;
Full as they were, I brought them home;
Her Corn I carry'd to the Mill:
My Back did bear the Sack; but She
Will never bear the Sight of me.

To

To *Nanny*'s Poultry Oats I gave;
I'm ſure, they always had the beſt:
Within this Week her Pidgeons have
Eat up a Peck of Peaſe, at leaſt.
Her little Pidgeons kiſs; but She
Will never take a Kiſs from me.

Muſt *Robin* always *Nanny* wooe,
And *Nanny* ſtill on *Robin* frown?
Alas, poor Wretch! what ſhall I do,
If *Nanny* does not love me ſoon?
If no Relief to me ſhe'll bring,
I'll hang me in her Apron-ſtring.

To the foregoing Tune.

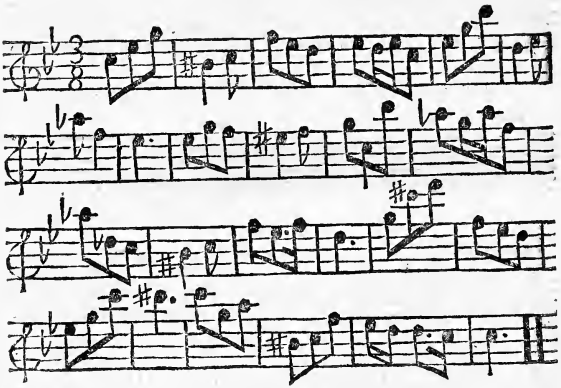
WHY, lovely Charmer, tell me why,
So very kind, and yet ſo ſhy?
Why does that cold forbidding Air
Give Damps of Sorrow and Deſpair?
Or why that Smile my Soul ſubdue,
And kindle up my Flames anew?

In vain you ſtrive with all your Art,
By Turns to freeze, and fire, my Heart:

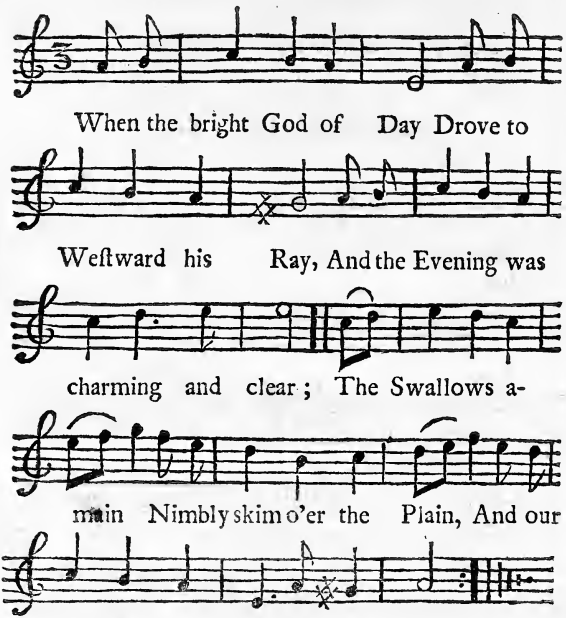
When

When I behold a Face ſo fair,
So ſweet a Look, ſo ſoft an Air,
My raviſh'd Soul is charm'd all o'er;
I cannot love thee leſs, nor more.

For the FLUTE.



CELIA *in a Jeſſamine Bower.*



In a Jeſſamine Bow'r,
(When the Bean was in Flow'r,
And Zephyrs breath'd Odours around)
Lov'd *Celia* ſhe ſat,
With her Song, and Spinnet,
And ſhe charm'd all the Grove with her Sound.

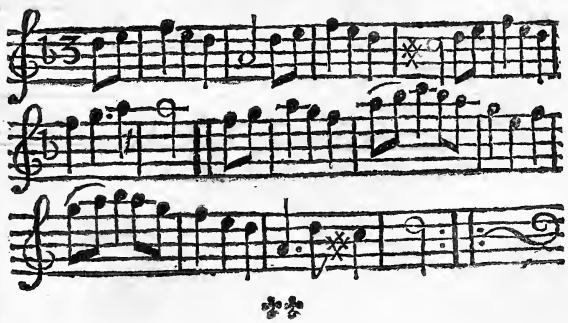
Roſy

Roſy Bowers, ſhe ſung,
Whilſt the Harmony rung,
And the Birds they all flutt'ring arrive;
The induſtrious Bees,
From the Flowers and Trees,
Gently hum with their Sweets to their Hive.

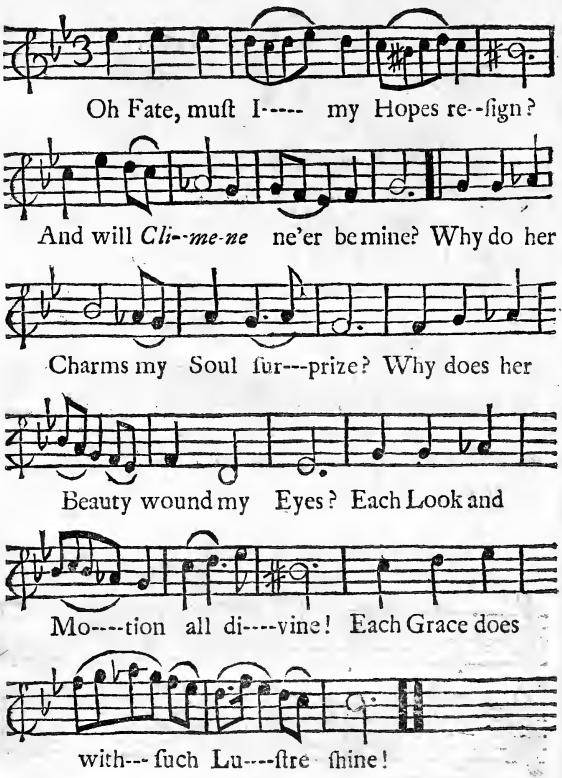
The gay God of Love,
As he flew o'er the Grove
By Zephyrs conducted along,
As ſhe touch'd on the Strings,
He beat Time with his Wings,
Whilſt Echo repeated the Song.

O ye Mortals, beware
How ye venture too near;
Love doubly is armed to wound:
Your Fate you can't ſhun,
For you're ſurely undone,
If you raſhly approach near the Sound.

For the FLUTE.



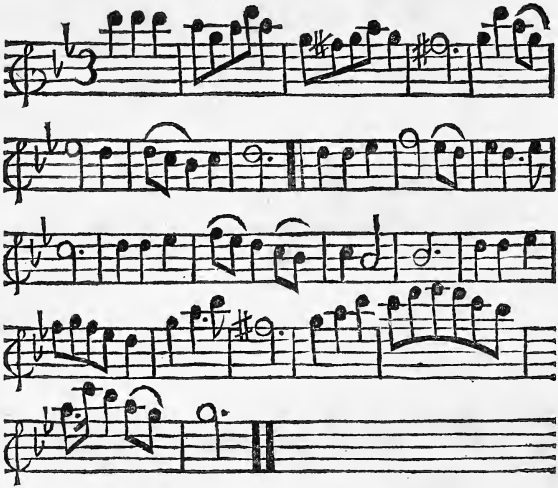
CLIMENE.



In vain I ſtrove her Charms to ſhun,
I found I lov'd, and was undone;

I ſtrove to fly, but all in vain;
My Paſſion drove me back again.
From thoſe bright Eyes I ne'er can part;
I wear her Image in my Heart.

For the FLUTE.



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The End of the Firſt Volume.